

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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BEECH AND BRIONY.

SPREAD, O beech, thy polished fingers!
Let their spiky buds unfold!
Scarce a breath of winter lingers,
Snowdrops wither on the wold.

Is thy foot well turned and slender?
And thy spring complexion fair?
Yet, O see how young and tender,
I that seek a shelter there!"

Then the beech, so tall and stately,
Bade the briony bloom on,
And the seedling, born so lately,
Was a summer paragon.

Came the storm clouds, red with thunder,
And the glorious tree was torn;
But the plant that grew thereunder,
Lived, and left it not forlorn;

To her old protector clinging,
Hid the ruin, soothed the grief,
Round about him fondly flinging
Crimson berry and glittering leaf.

Year by year, through wind and weather,
Love's memorial fades not there;
Strength and beauty linked together
Mock the fortune that they share.

Poems by F. D. T.

WHINNY MOOR.*

THIS can night, this can night,
Every night and awle;
Fire and fleet and candle-light,
And Christ receive thy sawle.

When thou from hence doest pass away,
Every night and awle,
To Whinny Moor thou comest at last,
And Christ receive thy sawle.

If ever thou gave either houses or shoon,
Every night and awle,
Sitt thee downe and putt them on,
And Christ receive thy sawle.

But if hosen or shoon thou never gave naen,
Every night and awle
The whinnes shall prick thee to the bare beane,
And Christ receive thy sawle.

From Whinny Moor that thou mayst pass
Every night and awle,
To Brig o' Dread thou comest at last,
And Christ receive thy sawle.

* "The beliefe in Yorkshire," says Aubrey, "was amongst the vulgar (and perhaps is so still) that after the person's death the soule went over Whinny Moor (whin is a furze), and till about 1616 (1624) at the funeral a wooman came (like a Praefica) and sung this song.

From Brig o' Dread, na brader than a thread,
Every night and awle,
To Purgatory fire thou comest at last,
And Christ receive thy sawle.

If ever thou gave either milke or drinke,
Every night and awle,
The fire shall never make thee shrink,
And Christ receive thy sawle.

But if milk nor drink thou never gave naen,
Every night and awle,
The fire shall burne thee to the bare beane,
And Christ receive thy sawle.

HESPER.

SAD Hesper o'er the buried sun
And ready, thou to die with him
Thou watchest all things ever dim
And dimmer, and a glory done.
The team is loosened from the wain,
The boat is drawn upon the shore;
Thou listonest to the closing door,
And life is darkened in the brain.
Bright Phosphor, fresher for the night,
By thee the world's great work is heard
Beginning, and the wakeful bird :
Behind thee comes the greater light;
The market boat is on the stream,
And voices hail it from the brink;
Thou hear'st the village-hammer clink,
And see'st the moving of the team.
Sweet Hesper-Phosphor, double name
For what is one, the first, the last,
Thou, like my present and my past,
Thy place is changed; thou art the same.

MEDITATION 5.

MAN in himselfe's a little world alone,
His soul's the court, or high imperial throne,
Wherin, as empresse, sits the understanding,
Gently directing, yet with awe commanding
Her handmaid's will; affections, maids of hon-
our,
All following close, and duly waiting on her;
But Sin, that always envied men's condition,
Within this kingdom raised up division.
Withdrawn the will, and bribed the false affec-
tion;
That this no order hath, nor that election;
The will proves traitor to the understanding;
Reason hath lost her power, and left command-
ing;
She's quite deposed and put to foule disgrace,
And tyrant Passion now usurpes her place.
Vouchsafe (Lord) in this little world of mine
To raigne, that I may raigne with Thee in thine.
And since my will is quite of good bereaven,
Thy will be done on earth, as 'tis in Heaven.
Quarles' Meditations.

From Saint Pauls.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

WE are now about to redeem our promise, and to endeavour to complete our survey of Browning's genius by a notice of his longest and most characteristic poem: a work in which he has broken even more decisively than before with the traditions of the past, and which is as yet his last word to the perplexed, but on the whole admiring, English public.

If "The Ring and the Book" fails to fulfil the most hopeful anticipations raised in the minds of some readers by Browning's earlier poems, it nevertheless falsifies the auguries of ill which others have derived from them. Like its own heroine's career, it presents many easy points of attack. Like her true self, its intrinsic worth is great. In each case alike the evil is accidental, avoidable, and therefore vexatious to the beholder; the good, deep-seated, essential, but not always immediately apparent. Some of the faults here are so evident at first sight that we cannot imagine them to have escaped the author's attention; and we are forced to suppose them to be a portion of his deliberate design, tolerable in his sight for its sake, though not for their own. We will mention one or two of these before proceeding to our analysis of the work.

In the first place, the most obvious characteristic of Browning's new poem is redundancy. There is too much of everything in it. Too much of the story, too many thoughts (for the heads into which they are put), too many metaphysics, too many metaphors, and vastly too many words. Nothing can be more like real life than the way in which the story of "The Ring and the Book" reverberates through its pages; first discussed by unconcerned persons, then given in as evidence or confession, then sifted to form the ground of a judicial sentence; but the echo grows tiresome after awhile. When we have heard the tale of Count Guido's crime for the sixth or seventh time, ingenious as the author is in making each repetition throw new light upon the subject, we wish to shut our ears against any

further information. Art's first office, selection, has been here very imperfectly discharged; and the result is, a considerable waste of the reader's time and patience. If a needless expenditure of words is involved in the very plan of the work, they are wasted with yet more reckless profusion by the way in which that plan is carried out. The speakers here differ from one another in various important respects; but they are all alike in one thing: their excessive love of talk. The criminal before his judges, the Pope in his study, the victim upon her death-bed, talk as calmly and as persistently as the advocate who is paid for the exertion, and as the very idler in the street. There is an abundance of metaphorical illustration even from lips that "breathe their words in pain;" philosophical and theological disquisitions are pursued through many pages by minds wearied after a long day's labour, or tortured by approaching doom; while no matter, which has even the remotest bearing on the case, escapes being "at every point twice done and then done double" for our enlightenment—now by friendly and now by hostile hands. This affluence of talk dilutes many a fine thought till it ceases to be striking, and impairs the effect often of a good simile, by following it up with an inferior one. But its most observable result is that it has swelled the poem before us to a size far exceeding that of the adventures of the pious *Eneas*, or of the wise *Ulysses*; nay, larger by some three thousand lines than the "tale of Troy divine" itself. It has the gigantic proportions of one of Carlyle's histories; who, like most of our modern historians, disregards Sydney Smith's entreaty to remember the Flood, and persists in crediting his readers with the leisure and opportunities of an antediluvian existence. But it is mournful to see our poets too beginning to adopt the same theory, and insist on constructing their works of art upon a scale so ill suited to our abbreviated life. In "The Ring and the Book" "the lofty verse" is built up several stories too high. Some of its courses are of brick, and only some of marble. A fairy-wand which, leaving these, should remove those,

would much enhance the beholder's pleasure.

The next thing in this poem remarkable even by a superficial glance, is the boldness with which its author has flung away one of his legitimate holds on his reader's curiosity. He sets out by telling you the main facts of his story, and the fate of its principal personages; bidding you concentrate your whole interest on the question of their respective innocence or guilt. Not Thackeray himself, even in his latest days, could be more frank. Now this also (well as the result may seem to justify Browning's audacity) appears to be a mistake. Anxiety to know how a story will end is a very legitimate, though not the highest, source of interest; and it befits a wise writer never needlessly to stop up a single avenue of pleasure. Guido's fate might have been left uncertain until the end, with no loss that we can discover, and with very considerable advantage.

The third point which must surprise most readers is the nature of the story here to be narrated at such unprecedented length, and with such quiet confidence in their unexhausted powers of attention. What can there be so long to engage our interest in a cruel murder; the steps to which are various degrees of baseness; the hand committing which is prompted by the most ignoble of motives? Nor will their confidence be restored by noticing that the poet here follows the example of certain novelists, and appoints various spokesmen to tell their story in detail, the main outline of which he has already (contrary to their practice) revealed; thus threatening those who read with the tedium of one of Richardson's novels, without its slow-gathering, but finally absorbing interest. Yes! there is no question about the matter. This time Browning runs his race very heavily, and (in three respects at least) quite needlessly weighted. All the more reason, therefore, to cheer him when, to our surprise, but to our unfeigned pleasure, he stands triumphant at the goal. For this book which the faults we have named might (and would in any other case) have made insufferably wearisome, is rendered

instead profoundly interesting by its great compensating merits. While impartial judges must fine its author for his disregard of rules, and for the evil example which he has set (alas! for our incautious youth if they try to follow it), they cannot refuse to crown him for his courage, nor can they fail to admire the power of thought and profound knowledge of human nature which have sustained him in the performance of his unexampled feat.

The tale which forms the basis of the poem is briefly this. Count Guido Franceschini, the representative of one of the oldest families in Arezzo, has sought to repair its broken fortunes by a wealthy marriage with a plebeian house in Rome. The parents of his young wife, Pompilia, make their goods over to their son-in-law; who on his side offers them a home in his palace. But there he renders the foolish, fond old pair so wretched, that they are thankful to escape from him, leaving daughter and goods behind. No sooner, however, do they find themselves once more safe in Rome, than the supposed mother, Violante, confesses to her husband, Pietro, that Pompilia is in truth not their own child, but an infant whom she bought from its wretched mother, and knowing his wish for children, imposed on him as their own. This discovery enables the old man to retaliate on the Count (who, of course, considers it invented for that very purpose) by reclaiming from him the wealth bestowed in error on a stranger's child. Guido (unable to strike her foster-parents at Rome) takes his revenge on the unhappy Pompilia. Not contented with every other kind of cruelty, he last of all aims at her soul; and tries by wicked devices to entangle her in a correspondence with the gay young canon, Giuseppe Caponsacchi. His design is baffled by Pompilia's innocence, and by the impression which her goodness produces on the young priest's mind. Nevertheless, a strange result follows. The unhappy woman begins to look forward to a heaven-sent consolation; and resolves to do for the safety of her expected child what she scorned to do for her own. Powerless herself in her tormentor's hands, she summons Caponsacchi to her aid, and bids him

see her safe to Rome. He obeys. Much scandal follows; but Pompilia's chief end is gained. Her babe is born beneath her adopted parent's roof, a villa near Rome; and so sets its unnatural father free to follow the promptings of his hate. Till now he has spared Pompilia's life, for the sake of the wealth to which he can only lay claim in her name. Now, as his infant's guardian, his claim will be as good after as before her death. He goes to the villa with four accomplices a fortnight after the birth of his child, kills the two old people, and leaves his wife for dead, in truth mortally wounded; but owing to an unexpected mischance, he is arrested before he can regain the Tuscan territory, tried at Rome, found guilty, and beheaded according to his deserts. Of all these events, only the last three have yet to happen when the poem begins.

Such is the story which the author tells us he found in an old book, containing an account of the trial; such the facts with which he proposes to blend the amount of fancy needed to bring out the truth contained in them, and so make "The Book," even as virgin gold requires the slight foreign admixture's support to round it into "The Ring."

The Count's villainy, which, unrelieved by one single good quality, would have disgusted most artists with the undertaking, has not repelled Browning. That ardent student of human nature never objects, as we have seen, to desert primrose-path, or rose-garden, for the foulest mud of the most fetid alley, provided it offer him a chance of picking up a new and curious specimen from its depths. To him, now as of old, what to ordinary minds would be repulsive, possesses a strange power of attraction; and he seems to have had much enjoyment in depicting this vulpine nature, this man without heart or conscience, misled by vain confidence in his intellectual superiority, turning and doubling through many an artful maze, but brought to bay at last.

As we have already hinted, the dramatic skill displayed in the execution of this design is not without defects. Even in the best speeches, the marked peculiarities of Browning's style—a style strange enough

in one man, impossible to be natural to many—are, as usual, continually interfering with the desired illusion. And even where the author has most entirely sunk his own personality in the speaker's, the mode of expression irresistibly suggests to us that he has translated that other man's thoughts into his own language before presenting them to us. In other cases the personation becomes apparent; so that though the features of the mask admirably resemble the person represented, and the drapery sweeps down in majestic folds, as if to enshroud his very form, yet under these disguises the actor's voice betrays him. We hear an idiotic advocate deviate into good sense in a way which we know it can never be the creature's own "nature to." A Pope amazes us by calmly treading paths of theological speculation, which an Italian ecclesiastic would have shunned as leading straight to the bottomless pit. Alas! for what Count Guido calls in his review of his own failure, "Artistry's haunting curse, the Incomplete;" though in Browning's case it is the over-complete which generally does the mischief. And if (taking warning by the fate of the finest tragedy produced in the last century, which our own will scarcely read even in its abbreviated form) he would try to avert Clarissa's doom from Pompilia, by shortening her record with his own hand, his poem would gain as much in an artistic point of view as in its chances of popularity with the British public of the future.

This much premised, we proceed to a more detailed examination.

The author's prologue ended, before the principal actors enter, we are to hear how the men of their time regarded their case. A speaker, who represents the opinion obtaining in one half of Rome, tells the husband's story. We hear of an unfaithful wife who had drugged, robbed, and deserted her lord; falling a sacrifice to his just but tardy vengeance after having given the crowning proof of her guilt. Then the spokesman of the city's other half takes the young wife's side; and shows her to us as she lies *ἀνυγθεῖσα φόνῳ*, cleared of all calumnies by the death-stroke

— having, according to her prayer, survived her many wounds long enough to show the truth. Then again we overhear a third speaker, with whom black is not so black, nor white so very white, who discusses the matter in an aristocratic saloon, and, with great show of impartiality, tries to make a pretty equal division of the blame. Up to this time the reader's mind is meant to be in suspense. He knows not which tale is true; whether to condemn or to excuse the Count, whether to pity or to blame his victim. But now the two speakers step forth who are to make all clear; in the height of whose love and hatred the hidden shapes of good and evil are to be revealed — the young priest who once saved, the husband who slew, Pompilia. Their speeches are by far the best and most dramatic in the whole poem. Each unintentionally displays his own character — Count Guido in the stress and pressure of his fight for life; Caponsacchi in the bitterness of his anguish over the noble life new-spilt. In the lurid glare of Pompilia's advancing funeral torches the one form gathers blackness, the other light, while Guido discloses the hate, and Caponsacchi the love, which prudence would, in calmer moments, have bidden each conceal. Guido speaks like one who had wit enough to speak out when frankness seems likely to serve him better than deceit; Caponsacchi like one who loves the truth for its own sake.

The Count's so-called confession is an artful justification of the deed which he cannot deny, confronted as he is by the deposition of its still living witness. It is a tale of intolerable wrongs borne with only too much patience; and it is told plausibly enough to make the reader waver, at least to the extent of holding Guido an honest believer in his wife's guilt. The Count is too wise to try to pass for an amiable man or a loving husband. He owns cynically enough that, in his marriage bargain with Pompilia's mother, though he reckoned on the poor child's love being thrown in as a matter of course,

“ As when I buy, timber and twig, a tree,
I buy the song of the nightingale inside; ”
yet he saw in such a prosaic affair as *marriage* no reason to ransack for his unhappy young wife's benefit, on his own part,
“ Those old odd corners of an empty heart
For remnants of dim love the long disused,
And dusty crumblings of romance.”

But Guido powerfully bespeaks his judges'

pity, noble themselves, for the falling fortunes of his noble house, cast to the ground by the very hand which strove to stay their fall; for its great name irretrievably tarnished by what should have restored its lustre.

“ The poor old noble house that drew the rags
O' the Franceschini's once superb array
Close round her, hoped to slink unchallenged
by,”

made now a by-word in the city. The ruined hopes of

“ A mother, brothers, sisters, and the like
That looked up to my face when days were
dim
And fancied they found light there, plead for
compassion.”

In spite of our better judgment, we pity the Count as he gives the details of his life's last venture and of its miserable failure; we commiserate the man as he shows himself to us (after the revelation of his wife's origin, the scandal of her flight, his own vain effort to get his wretched marriage annulled) sitting lonely and sad in his dark and cheerless gallery, and saying to himself —

“ Let me, a man, manfully meet the fact,
Confront the worst o' the truth, end, and
have peace.
I am irretrievably beaten here, —

They have caught me in the cavern where I
fell,
Covered my loudest cry for human aid
With this enormous paving-stone of shame.

Why claim escape from man's predestined lot
Of being beaten and baffled ? ”

Then, as a thunder-clap to startle him out of acquiescence in his sorrows, comes the birth of that boy who can now only perpetuate his family's disgrace; who, on even the most favourable and incredible supposition, is to him

“ The child I had died to see though in a dream,
The child I was bid strike out for, beat the
wave

And baffle the tide of troubles where I swam,
So I might touch shore, lay down life at last
At the feet so dim and distant and divine
Of the apparition, as 'twere Mary's babe
Had held, through night and storm, the torch
aloft, —

Born now in very deed to bear this brand
On forehead, and curse me who could not
save.”

Then, says Guido, he wavered no longer. Honour called him; he obeyed the sum-

mons, and righted himself at last. The stroke which revenged his wrongs was dealt for every husband and father in Rome. Surely his judges will give him an honourable acquittal, or, if that cannot be, they will have mercy on a sorely-tried man, and restore him to that son whom he promises to take on their word for his; to that old mother for whose sake he asks that she may

“ Come break her heart upon my breast,
Not on the blank stone of my nameless tomb.”

The skill shown in this speech is great, alike in the art of its speaker and in his mistakes. Its utter falsehood can only be fully appreciated by comparing it with Guido's last words in the fourth volume. Meantime its force and pathos are great; but no less worthy of notice are its indirect revelations of a mean and selfish nature, made unconsciously by the Count while seeking to appear to the best advantage; whilst cleverest and most natural of all is his one imprudence, when, by claiming his son at the promptings of his avarice (or by one of those oversights which every one who lies at great length is sure to make), he indirectly acquires his unhappy wife, and owns his disbelief in his own story.

The next speech (Caponsacchi's) is equally good. Here Browning's capital delineation of an honest and ingenuous nature contrasts well with the preceding portrait. Count Guido's falsehoods were very plausible; but they carried no conviction with them. On the other hand, we cannot listen to Caponsacchi and doubt a single one of his assertions, for they bear the very impress of truth. He speaks as one who has no more to do with life. He knows that men will believe him now—now, when (sad perversity of human things!) their belief comes too late to save the innocent. He turns more in sadness than in wrath to the judges who once gave no heed to his tale; who, by declining before either to fully acquit or to condemn, left the gate open at which murder has entered:—

“ You were wrong, you see: that's well to see
though late,
That's all we may expect of man, this side
The grave: his good is—knowing he is bad.

Thus will it be with us when the books ope
And we stand at the bar on judgment day.

My part
Is done; I' the doing it, I pass away
Out of the world. I want no more with earth.

Let me, in heaven's name, use the very snuff
O' the taper in one last spark shall show truth
For a moment, show Pompilia who was true!
Not for her sake, but yours: if she is dead,
Oh, Sirs, she can be loved by none of you
Most or least priestly! Saints, to do us good,
Must be in heaven, I seem to understand:
We never find them saints before at least.
Be her first prayer then presently for you—
She has done the good to me.”

How great that good was, the young man
proceeds to tell; agonized as he speaks by
the thought that even now

“ The snow-white soul that angels fear to take
Untenderly,”

is passing away from earth. He tells how, a frivolous man of fashion, a high-born idler then, he was aroused to better thoughts by his very first sight of

“ A lady, young, tall, beautiful, strange and
sad;

whose Madonna brow he strives to depict;
and how

“ The dark orbs dwelt deep underneath,
Looked out of such a sweet sad heaven on
me—
The lips, compressed a little, came forward
too,
Careful for a whole world of sin and pain.
That was the face her husband makes his plea
He sought just to disfigure.”

Caponsacchi shows a heart sound (despite past follies) at the core, by his indignant declaration that he never gave an instant's credence to the hateful letters (her husband's forgeries) which purported to come to him from Pompilia. When she sent for him he disbelieved the message, and only went to shame Count Guido by detecting his artifices. But to his utter amazement—

“ There at the window stood
Framed in its black square length, with lamp
in hand,
Pompilia; the same great, grave, grievful air,
As stands in the dusk on altar that I know,
Left alone with one moonbeam in her cell,
Our Lady of all the Sorrows.”

She entreated him to save her; her last hope, since she had invoked the aid of archbishop, governor, and confessor, alike in vain. She implored him to take her to her foster-parents at Rome, away from that husband of whom she said—

“ He laid a hand on me that burned all peace,
All joy, all hope, and last all fear away,—
Dipping the bough of life, so pleasant once,
In fire that shrivelled bud and leaf alike.”

To the young priest it seemed sin to reject her prayer, be the consequence of granting it what it might; for he felt as he gazed on Pompilia —

“ There was no duty patent in the world
Like daring try be good and true myself,
Leaving the shows of things to the Lord of
Show
And Prince o’ the Power of the Air.”

He describes her subsequent flight, and how he cared for her through its course as a brother might for his sister. He knows his judges will take his word for that now — now, when it matters so little whether they believe or no. And he has a mournful pleasure in dwelling on its incidents; breaking off wildly while recounting traits of Pompilia’s goodness, to exclaim —

“ They’ve killed her, Sirs.
Can I be calm ? ”

And now Caponsacchi’s task is done. He has shown the judges, in revealing the real character of the murdered, what manner of man was her destroyer; and pointed at him, slinking out of the sight even of the condemned host, fit company for Judas alone. He suffers his thoughts to dwell for a moment on the bliss he would have enjoyed himself, had Heaven allotted to him this pearl which Guido has trampled to powder — this Pompilia, who will never now make child or husband happy : —

“ Sirs, I am quiet again. You see we are
So very pitiable, she and I,
Who had conceivably been otherwise,”

and then at last the young priest gives way to his anguish; overpowered by the thought of what life might have been to him, shared with such a woman.

“ To learn not only by a comet’s rush
But a rose’s birth, — not by the grandeur,
God —
But the comfort, Christ. All this, how far
away !

“ O great, just, good God ! Miserable me ! ”

So at length we attain to certainty. Our last lingering suspicion is dispelled, and Guido’s guilt and Pompilia’s innocence appear in their true colours. And we come to see a fresh instance of that “irony of fate,” which is the key-note of the Sophoclean drama, in these two men; the one of whom the world called the husband, the other the lover, of Pompilia. For not even in the honourable Ajax acting ignobly, or in the mean Ulysses, as he stands playing the generous man’s part over his foe’s corpse, is the apparent more at vari-

ance with the real than in Guido, the avenger on his wife of the sin to which he vainly tempted her himself; or in the seeming libertine, Caponsacchi, as he stands forth (a new St. George) the uncompromising defender of the innocent.

And thus Browning reaches the climax of his tale, too soon considering that he is only half through his book; and, with diminished curio-ity, but, as yet, unabated interest, we obey his summons to the bedside of the dying Pompilia. We approach it with high-wrought expectation; and (there is no denying it) we retire a good deal disappointed. It may be that some disappointment was inevitable; that to paint aright the inspirer of such a hate and such a love as we have just witnessed, is an all but hopeless task. Would it not tax the powers even of a Shakespeare to give adequate expression to the feelings of this wife, who owes her first thanks to her husband for death; of this young mother commanding her little babe to the Father of the fatherless; of this Christian soul about to depart out of life’s awful purgatory to her God ? What words can befit this unique position, or rightly respond to the august conception we have formed of one thus pre-eminent in sorrow ? But all allowance made, Browning could, and therefore should, have given us a better speech (as a whole) than this which he places in the mouth of his dying heroine. He could have given us a shorter one, and not suffered eighteen hundred long lines to contradict all the probabilities of the case. He could have kept psychological as well as physical likelihood in view, and not allowed Pompilia to waste her last breath in far-fetched similitudes* and needless particulars. And he could have taken greater pains than he has to leave us, undisturbed, the ideal of simplicity and piety which he before so diligently painted. If King Richard marvelled to hear “ sick men play so nicely with their names,” can we help wondering at Pompilia’s elaborate comparisons; as, for instance, of her strange history to the sport of her childhood, in personating the figures on the tapestry ? Where and to

* Even this, one of the best, is too artificial for the situation : —

“ These strange woes stole on tiptoe, as it were,
Into my neighbourhood and privacy,
Sat down where I sat, laid them where I lay ;
And I was found familiarized with fear.
When friends broke in, held up a torch, and
cried,

“ Why you Pompilia in the cavern thus,
How comes that arm of yours about a wolf ?
And the soft length, — lies in and out your feet,
And laps you round the knee, — a snake it is.”

whom can be the profit of her recalling, in the detail she does, the circumstances of her ill-omened marriage?* Is there not a sarcastic harshness quite alien to Pompilia, in her description of her bridegroom, as

" Hook-nosed and yellow in a bush of beard,
Much like a thing I saw on a boy's wrist,
He called an owl, and used for catching
birds"?

Whose is this touch of satire? Browning's or his dying saint's? And yet, little more than judicious omissions are needed to make this speech very beautiful. There is much superincumbent material to clear away, and then we shall enjoy a perfect sight of that noble form whose clasped hands and saint-like brow we already discern in outline where it lies. Let the sculptor deal some vigorous strokes, and suffer the Pompilia we dreamed at Caponsacchi's bidding to emerge from the marble. Let him cut out all those harder traits, get rid of that unpleasant conversation with the archbishop, dismiss all words that sound idle at such a moment, and leave nothing inconsistent with the faith which gives Pompilia peace in death. Let him remove that false plea which she would never have urged for her wicked husband —

" So he was made; he nowise made himself;" and likewise omit Pompilia's parting avowal of love for her preserver. It is pure; under other circumstances it might have been natural; but a heart "departing to be with Christ" has no room for such thoughts. Then let all that is left be brought into harmony with the holy calm of this retrospect of life: —

" One cannot judge
Of what has been the ill or well of life,
The day that one is dying, — sorrows change
Into not altogether sorrow-like;
I do see strangeness but scarce misery!
Now it is over, and no danger more.
My child is safe, there seems not so much pain.

Yes, everybody that leaves life sees all
Softened and bettered; so with other sights :
To me at least was never evening yet
But seemed far beautiuller than its day,
For past is past.

All . . . is . . . such peace
Flowing in, filling up as with a sea
Whereon comes some one, walks fast on the
white —

* They might have been put into some friend's mouth more appropriately.

Jesus Christ's self, Don Celestine declares,
To meet me and calm all things back again."

Let us admire, undisturbed, the young mother's resignation of her little son: —

" Him, by death, I give
Outright to God, without a further care, —
All human plans and projects came to nought;
My life, and what I know of other lives,
Prove that;"

for the blessing she resigns thus readily is the same that she hailed afar off, she tells us, with such rapture; speaking of

" That thrill of dawn's suffusion through my
dark,
Which I perceive was promise of my child,
The light his unborn face sent long before."

In this dear child she recognizes Caponsacchi's best claim on her gratitude.

" Yes, he saved my babe :
It would not have peeped forth, the bird-like
thing,
Through that Arezzo toil and trouble."

In him this poor young thing sees a joy and an honour which make her amends for all the past.

" In a life like mine
A fortnight filled with bliss is long and much.
All women are not mothers of a boy,
Though they live twice the length of my whole
life,

And, as they fancy, happily all the same."

And if the true Pompilia, the Pompilia of her poet's better moments, is thus irresistibly pathetic in her rejoicing over her mournful motherhood, how loftily too she shows in her grave and holy thankfulness at being saved as by fire from the contamination of her husband's company — that husband in whose behalf she yet makes one last effort: —

" For that most woeftul man my husband once,
Who, needing respite, still draws vital breath,
I, pardon him? So far as lies in me
I give him for his good the life he takes,
Praying the world will therefore acquiesce.
Let him make God amends, none, none to me
Who thank him rather that, whereas strange

fate
Mockingly styled him husband and me wife,
Himself this way at least pronounced divorce,
Blotted the marriage-bond : this blood of
mine

Flies forth exultingly at any door,
Washes the parchment white and thanks the
blow.

We shall not meet in this world or the next,
But where will God be absent? In his face
Is light, but in His shadow healing too :
Let Guido touch the shadow and be healed!

I could not love him, but his mother did." In these few beautiful passages, were the necessary connection supplied, we have a speech far superior to that which at present stands in Pompilia's name. How we wish we could persuade her poet to think so!

If the beauty here defaced by alien admixture pleads earnestly for a judicious use of the pruning-knife, the tediousness of the other two speeches in the same volume calls aloud for their total excision. We mean those of the advocates on each side, which, with their reflections during their composition, are inserted here; presumably to divert the readers mind after the tragic scenes it has passed through. But their fooling is hardly excellent enough to do this; especially as it is alarmingly long in its duration. Perhaps Hyacinthus (counsel for Guido) may afford some amusement, as he hammers out his bad Latin and worse quibbles; solacing his soul the while by the prospect of a birthday supper. But Pompilia's advocate, Dr. Bottinius, is a reptile, who should never have been allowed to crawl over the dying girl and leave the marks of his slime upon her death-bed. He disbelieves his client's innocence for two reasons; the first, that such goodness is next to impossible; the second, that, if this particular case were an exception to the general rule, it would

"Leave a lawyer nothing to excuse, Reason away, and show his skill about."

Accordingly he does show his skill with a vengeance; by suggesting explanations of Pompilia's conduct, which, if true, would be worse than her enemy's worst accusations. Neither is he a well-drawn character, and acceptable if not for his own merits, yet for his author's. Far from it. His arguments are those of a pompous fool, his exordium and oration palpably contradict each other; yet he tells a most witty apologue (that of the three apostles *), and apostrophizes Pompilia's innocence in these genuinely noble words:—

"What is this tale of Tarquin, how the slave
Was caught by him, preferred to Collatine?
Thou, even from thy corpse-clothes virginal,
Look'st the lie dead, Lucretia!"

We do not blame the author for not inventing for this precious pair the good speeches which Guido and Caponsacchi have already rendered superfluous; but

* Not at all suitable, however, to a pleader before a tribunal of ecclesiastics.

we think we have some just ground of quarrel against him for expecting us to read their bad ones.

Turning to the last volume of "The Ring and the Book," we find there (besides the Epilogue) the aged Pope's soliloquy before signing the warrant for Guido's execution, and the Count's last speech. We are, therefore, invited to survey one of the best and of the worst of men, as they stand affected by approaching death: Guido set free by his despair to speak out his real thoughts at last: the Pope stirred up to more strenuous exertion for the right by knowing that the night is coming. The old man lifts himself up above the weakness of —

"this grey ultimate decrepitude,
Yet sensible of fires that more and more
Visit a soul, in passage to the sky,
Left nakeder than when flesh-robe was new,"
to do justice in this great cause.

"In God's name! Once more on this earth of
God's,
While twilight lasts and time wherein to work,
I take His staff with my uncertain hand,
And stay my six and fourscore years, my due
Labour and sorrow, on His judgment seat,
And forthwith think, speak, act, in place of
Him —
The Pope for Christ."

He reviews Guido's condemnation and finds it inevitable: then, after gazing long and with sad wonder at his vileness, he turns to refresh his wearied eyes on the glorious flower, risen from a chance-sown and cleft-nursed seed," to put his more carefully nurtured plants to shame.

"It was not given Pompilia to know much,
Speak much, to write a book, to move man-
kind,
Be memorized by who records my time.
Yet if in purity and patience, if
In faith held fast despite the plucking fiend,
Safe like the signet stone with the new name
That saints are known by, — if in right re-
turned

For wrong, most pardon for worst injury,
If there be any virtue, any praise, —
Then will this woman-child have proved —
who knows? —

Just the one prize vouchsafed unworthy me,
Ten years a gardener of the untoward ground.

At least one blossom makes me proud at eve."

Presently his thoughts take a wider range, and a long and deeply interesting meditation follows; in much of which, however, Pope Innocent disappears and the author takes his place. Not in the manner here depicted would any Christian

of the seventeenth century have fortified himself against those ghastly doubts which ever and anon erect their spectral heads to scare the believing mind. The Pope's disregard of external as compared with internal evidence, his admission of the possibility that revealed truth may be, not absolute, but regulative, his dimly-expressed hope for Guido, strike us as very modern indeed, and as wholly unsuited to the Vatican. Not so the cause of the momentary disturbance of the old man's peace. Christians of every age have felt that the hardest argument against their faith to answer, is the history of the Christian Church; or, as the Pope here puts it, after surveying the meanness and cowardice of so-called Christians:—

“ And is this little all that was to be ?
Where is the gloriously decisive change,
The immeasurable metamorphosis ?
Of human clay to divine gold, we looked
Should, in some poor sort, justify the price ?

• • • • • that Power
Who undertook to make and made the world,
Devised and did effect man, body and soul,
Ordained salvation for them both, and yet —
Well, is the thing we see salvation ? ”

Fine, as well as in character, too, is the passage in which Innocent, having “ the witness in himself,” and able to say for his own part, “ I have light, nor fear the dark at all,” casts a wistful glance for the sake of others to those early days of the Church, when no temporal inducements tempted men to profess a faith they did not share.

“ Shall I wish back once more that thrill of dawn,
When the whole truth-touched man burned
up one fire ?

• • • • • For how could saints and martyrs fail see
truth
Streak the night's blackness ? Who is faithful now
Untwists heaven's pure white from the yellow flare
O' the world's gross torch, without a foil to help
Produce the Christian act, so possible
When in the way stood Nero's cross and stake, —

• • • • • Unless — what whispers me of times to come ?
What if it be the mission of that age
My death will usher into life, to shake
This torpor of assurance from our creed,
Re-introduce the doubt discarded, bring
The formidable danger back, we drove
Long ago to the distance and the dark ?

No wild beast now prowls round the infant camp;
We have built wall and sleep in city safe :
But if the earthquake try the towers, that
laugh

To think they once saw lions rule outside,
Till man stand out again, pale, resolute,
Prepared to die, that is, alive at last ? ”

Here we have Milton's very thought realized ; old experience attaining “ to something of prophetic strain ; ” and detecting for the Church a blessing in disguise, even in the advent of a Voltaire. There are symptoms abroad of the coming change which have not escaped the Pope's keen eye. The voice of the world which, pleading with him for Guido's life, bids him prefer the claims of expediency to those of duty, is its herald. He seems to hear it now demanding his answer with impatience ; and replies —

“ I will, sirs : for a voice other than yours
Quicken my spirit. ‘ Quis pro Domino ?
Who is upon the Lord's side ? ’ asked the
Count.

I, who write —

• • • • • ‘ On receipt of this command,
Acquaini Count Guido and his fellows four
They die to-morrow ; ’

For the main criminal I have no hope
Except in such a suddenness of fate.
I stood at Naples once, a night so dark
I could have scarce conjectured there was
earth

Anywhere, sky or sea or world at all :
But the night's black was burst through by a
blaze —

Thunder struck blow on blow, earth groaned
and bore,
Through her whole length of mountain visi-
ble :

There lay the city thick and plain with spires,
And like a ghost disshrouded, white the sea.
So may the truth be, flashed out by one blow,
And Guido see, one instant, and be saved.
Else I avert my face, nor follow him
Into that sad obscure sequestered state
Where God unmakes but to remake the soul
He else made first in vain ; which must not
be.

Enough, for I may die this very night,
And how should I dare die, this man let live ?
Carry this forthwith to the governor.”

This beautifully-conceived and, in the main, well-executed picture of the hoary head in the way of righteousness, stands in strong contrast to that presented to our minds by Count Guido's last discourse, delivered at intervals through the day of his execution, to the two dignitaries who were unlucky enough to be sent to prepare him for death. Browning's “ *Bernier Jour* ”

d'un Condamné" is at this disadvantage as compared with Victor Hugo's that its subject has as little claim on our pity as a man-eating tiger, bounding fiercely in the pit where he waits the death-stroke. On this ground objections may be raised to such a theme, especially when presented with the fulness of detail it is here, as too much beyond the pale of human sympathy and experience for legitimate art. But the hideous form is unquestionably drawn with great power, and, barring an occasional slip,* with great consistency. The Count's shuddering description of the grisly engine which awaits him, his appeals to his aristocratic confessors not to suffer it to leave the necks of peasants to sever a noble one like his own, are natural. So is his sense of injury at being doomed to suffer for an act which he thinks not much worse than the pranks of the men of fashion of his early days. Nor does it at all surprise us to hear him now contradict many things he told his judges. The man, then, so broken by misfortunes as to have no wish to live on his own account, now hates to think of parting with the " manifold and plenitudinous life" which he longs to enjoy at the expense of others. The dutiful son, the loving father, disappears from our gaze. The champion of law now scoffs at the notion of any right save might, and declares himself not worse, only more logical, than his fellows — a bolder follower out than they of the concealed premise common to both, the falseness of the religion which they profess. For Guido has seen, like the Pope, that there is much practical unbelief among Christians; only the discovery has affected his mind in a different manner. The grief of the saint is the hideous consolation of the sinner, who beguiles some tedious time by imagining the amazement of polite Rome, should

"Professors turn possessors, realize

The faith they play with as a fancy now,

and begin to act upon it; and who turns sharply on the confessor who (mute before) helped him to a Virgilian quotation, with a

"thanks, Abate,—though the Christian's dumb,

The Latinist's vivacious in you yet!"

We knew before that Guido did not love his wife. Now he frankly owns

* Such is where the haughty Count talks of "Duke *Some-title-or-other's* face," as a contemptuous democrat might. There are also a few lines two pages from the end which are too noble for his character.

that he hated her — to begin with, for not falling in love with him at first sight, then, yet more, when his cruelty found her

"cold and pale and mute as stone,
Strong as stone also"

to resist his evil designs, and to scare him by the patience which suggested an unseen Avenger in the background. He hates her still for having lived to tell the truth, when any other woman would have died at once; and feels it hard that all his well-planned schemes should be baffled by

"this one ghost thing, half on earth,
Half out of it, as if she held God's hand,
While she leant back and looked her last at me."

Mean to the very last, Guido's fiercest outbursts are calculated by him for a purpose. When he reviles the Pope, renounces the faith, gloats over his victims' deaths, and sees nothing in his own crime to regret but its failure, he is all the time hoping to obtain a respite by so frightful a display of impenitence.

Most horrible is his end. There are, first, his fiendish parting stabs at the Pope, at the luckless Abate, and at the Cardinal, whom he has vainly tried to bribe by a wild offer to secure for him the Papedom at the coming election; then his spirits rise with the false and brief courage bestowed by the intoxication of approaching death; then follows their final collapse, as, with a howl of frantic terror, he finds himself face to face with it; and his lying lips speak the truth at last, when, having vainly invoked all other aid, he is dragged out crying to his murdered wife for succour.

"The Pope is dead, my murderous old man,
For Tozzi told me so; and you, forsooth —
Why you don't think, Abate, do your best,
You'll live a year more with that hacking cough.

Cardinal, only seventh of seventy near,
Is not one called Albano in the list?
Go eat your heart, you'll never be a Pope!
Inform me, is it true you left your love,
A Pucci, for promotion in the Church?
She's more than in the Church — in the churchyard!

I see you all reel to the rock you waves —
Some forthright, some describe a sinuous track,
Some crested brilliantly with heads above,
Some in a strangled swirl sunk, who knows how?
But all bound whether the main current sets,
Rockward, an end in foam for all of you!

What if I am o'ertaken, pushed to the front,
By all you crowding smoother souls behind,
And reach a minute sooner than was meant,
The boundary whereon I break to mist?
Go to! the smoothest, safest of you all,
Most perfect and compact, wave in my train,
Spite of the blue tranquillity above,
Spite of the breadth before of lapsing peace,
Where broods the halcyon, and the fish leaps
free,

Will presently begin to feel the prick
At lazy heart, the push at torpid brain,
Will rock vertiginously in turn, and reel,
And, emulative, rush to death like me.

I lived and died a man, and take man's
chance,

Honest and bold; right will be done to such.
Who are these you have let descend my stair?
Ha! their accursed psalm! Lights at the sill!
Is it 'open' they dare bid you? Treachery?
Sirs, have I spoken one word all the while
Out of the world of words I had to say?
Not one word! All was folly.—I laughed
and mocked!

Sirs, my first true word, all truth and no lie,
Is — save me notwithstanding. Life is all!
I was just stark mad — let the madman live,
Pressed by as many chains as you please pile.
Don't open! Hold me from them! I am

yours,

I am the Grand Duke's — no, I am the Pope's!
Abate, — Cardinal, — Christ, — Maria, —
God, —

Pompilia, will you let them murder me? ”

“ So bad a death argues a monstrous
life ” — with infallible certainty this time.
And so the curtain falls; rising again for
an Epilogue (assignable on internal evi-
dence to the biographer of Frederick the
Great), in which we are presented, in
Carlylese fashion, with extracts from let-
ters of the day, describing Guido's edify-
ing behaviour on the scaffold, Pompilia's
funeral sermon, and the like.

Of the justice of our opening remarks
upon “ The Ring and the Book,” our
readers can only judge when they have
given this remarkable poem the full and
attentive perusal which it deserves. But
of some of its chiefest merits, the extracts
we have made give a very fair notion. (In-
deed the work lends itself only too well to
extracts; its author's besetting sin being a
tendency to elaborate parts to the detri-
ment of the whole.) And, in the first
place, the lines we have quoted prove that
Browning (in spite of his occasional care-
lessness) is a master of dramatic blank
verse. The music of many of them is
alike perfect in itself and most harmonious
with the feeling they express. The two
most readily-divined sources of their

beauty are alliteration, and the judicious
intermixture of other feet with the ordi-
nary iambics. Observe, for instance, how
the forceful alliteration of the apostrophe
to Lucretia, and of the description of Pom-
pilia at the window, drives the line home
to the mind; or consider (in the latter
passage) how much the trochees, in its
last line save one, add to its mournful
beauty. We have not thought good to
undertake the ungrateful task of quoting
instances of a contrary sort. Whoso
thinks meet to look for them will often
find lines disagreeably crowded with con-
sonants, and mere bits of prose crept in
unawares among the verse, which no effort
can make sound like poetry. They are
natural oversights in so long a work, and
would disappear, for the most part, were
its least interesting portions (where they
chiefly occur) struck out, through its au-
thor's unhoped-for conversion to the doc-
trine that

“ As 'tis a greater mystery in the art
Of painting, to foreshorten any part
Than draw it out, so 'tis in books the chief
Of all perfections to be plain and brief.”

How great would be the advantage of
judicious curtailment, we are forcibly re-
minded as we glance at our own extracts.
For one time when the necessary omis-
sions may have done some harm, they
have thrice as often proved a benefit; so
that the effect of the passage is generally
weakened by the re-admission of the ex-
cluded lines.

Our selections are also sufficient to show
the magnificence of many of Browning's
similes, and their frequent dramatic ap-
propriateness. All the comparisons in
this poem do not, as we have before ob-
served, possess the latter quality. They
are sometimes sown too thick and worked
out too minutely for their speaker's situa-
tion; at other times they want congruity
with his character: —

“ Jewels at nose and lips but ill appear,
Rather than all things wit let none be there.”

But it is not so with those we have quoted
— in our text at least. Those two or three
short ones of Pompilia are as suitable as
they are pathetic; there is an impressive
grandeur in the Pope's thunder-storm,
and an extraordinary happiness of illustra-
tion, as well as beauty of description, in
the simile of the waves, in our concluding
extract. The supreme moment also at
which these two last are used well justi-
fies the poetic elevation which they attain.
The characters presented to us in “ The

"Ring and the Book" are not complex, but simple. Pompilia and the Pope are both of a dazzling whiteness; Count Guido is dark as Gaspar Poussin's blackest landscape—unnatural like it, we should have said, did we not know that moral eclipses such as his have been, and are therefore possibilities. Nevertheless, the art which depicts the more ordinary intermixtures of good with evil, and of evil with good, in the human character, has a greater and more interesting task. In the present case, we are most attracted by the mixed character, Caponsacchi.

The effect of the poem as a whole may be considered either morally or artistically. In the former view, we strongly approve its picture of innocence made by its very excess to look like guilt in the puzzling half-lights of this world. For every such instance of the incompleteness of earth's justice is an appeal to that higher tribunal where each cause which has been ill-tried on earth shall be tried over again. But on artistic grounds we may doubt whether the general effect is not too distressing, and whether our eye has not been kept too long fixed upon a catastrophe which, while it

"makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity."

The defects, whether in plan or execution, which our survey of "The Ring and the Book" has disclosed to us, confirm the truth of the remarks in our former paper, on its author. They may all be resolved into the original fault—the artistic conscience, strong enough very possibly for ordinary gifts, but all too weak here, wanting force to control exuberant powers; the brilliant wit which insists on displaying itself by flashing sarcasms and home truths uttered at most unseasonable moments; the abundance of thought, which refuses to be compressed by the ordinary limitations of time and appropriateness; the vigorous humour, which declines to stand aside, and give the pathetic or the tragic the space which they require. And the worst of it is, that this conscience in the sphere of art has evidently grown (as does its namesake in the higher realm of morals) weaker through disregard. Like Virgil in Dante, who, "per lungo silenzio parea fico," its voice is feebler than of old. The author of "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon" would have hesitated long before committing some of the trespasses against dramatic propriety which appear not to cost the writer of "The Ring and the Book" a single pang of

remorse. The young man who wrote "Paracelsus" would have shrunk from inditing the unmusical verses which, in this poem of his mature years, rise like stakes in the current, giving unpleasant shocks to the barque that intrusts itself to its course.

Nevertheless, despite of these vexations, there is always refreshment in converse with a perfectly original mind. The presence of the one missing gift might have here left that originality untouched, while causing it to exert itself with uniform grace; and we bewail its absence accordingly. But let us, while regretting what we have not, be very thankful for what we have—a blending of pathetic and humorous powers, the result of which is something never before seen; to which they who refuse every other greeting must at least, obeying Hamlet—

"Therefore as a stranger give it welcome."

The artist who, with Buonarotti, says to his predecessors, "Better than you I cannot build, but like you I will not build," may with him rear a St. Peter's; but only if, as he did, he soars above any one good example, by the help of those great principles which are the generalization of them all. Had Michael Angelo disregarded law to follow the mere impulses of a clever fancy, the pilgrim's eye would discern another sort of dome than that which now floats majestic above the billowy Campagna: Browning's, like all real genius, has been to a great extent a law to itself. But the degree to which it has failed to be so, is the exact measure of its unsuccessfulness; for lawlessness is incompatible with beauty. Yet if the structure he has reared for us be no St. Peter's (whether that of Rome or that of Westminster), but rather akin to the vast cathedral which perpetuates the name of St. Peter's follower in Venice; if in his work the incongruous materials refuse sometimes to form a harmonious whole; if there are in it barbaric displays of riches by grotesque ornaments which a strict taste must reprove; and if the traveller who enters his portals complains at first of a dimness which obscures his vision, yet are richly-varied colours, strange yet stately forms, solemn and magnificent vistas, not wanting for his delight.

Who can feel ungrateful to the hand which has given us similes like those we have quoted, or like the exquisite thought in the dedication of "Men and Women," of the side of the moon, unseen by us com-

mon men, but revealed in its full glory to Endymion, as the type of genius turning its hidden brightness upon love? Who would speak lightly of the author to whom we owe such fine dramatic blank verse; so many soothing, so many stirring lyrics; so much sharp, yet unmalicious satire; last and best, such high triumphs of the imagination as *Pippa's New Year's*, and *Mildred's death-day*; as the bewildered physician, who, looking for healing herbs, has found the true panacea; as the success of the long-baffled quest for the

Dark Tower; as the Form floating in silent majesty o'er land and sea, and the sinner at the Judge's feet, in "Christmas Eve" and "Easter Day"; or, as of late, Pope and Cardinal, priest and noble, saint and sinner of the seventeenth century, grouped lifelike by the magic spell of genius, round the bed of one dying girl? For our own part, at least, let the frankness of our censure guarantee the sincerity of our admiration: "Cui malus est nemo, quis bonus esse potest!"

COTTON GROWING IN INDIA. — The *Delhi Gazette* gives an interesting account of a successful experiment in cotton growing during last season in India, in the neighbourhood of Delhi, which appears to possess some value with respect to the question of the ability of India to compete with the Southern States of America. The superiority of the South lies mainly in the ability to obtain a large return per acre — the average being several times higher than that of India; but the effect of the experiment is to show that *four* times the present ordinary yield is obtainable in India. The experimenter was Mr. Login, superintending engineer of the Umballa division, and the method of cultivation was suggested to him by what he had seen in Egypt. The *Gazette* states: —

Notwithstanding some serious drawbacks arising from floods and a character of a portion of the soil, the results thus far have exceeded his most sanguine expectations. The seed selected was the ordinary seed of the country, purchased without any special effort at selection in the Delhi bazaar. It was planted at the usual times, on the Egyptian system, and has since been irrigated after the same plan. The result is that already about 300 lbs. per acre of clean cotton have been collected, and there is still a period of six weeks of the gathering season left. It is believed that between 500 and 600 lbs. will be secured. This is about *four times as much as the ordinary yield* under native cultivation, a result that is sure to arrest the attention not only of the Indian cultivator, but of the cotton manufacturers of England. If such results, as we have here recorded, are possible in all the cotton-growing districts of India the day is not far distant when Manchester will be independent of America.

It is further added that Login will report the results officially to his Government, so that it may be hoped his facts will have ample publicity. Of course it is a long step from making experiments under vigilant European direction to the general adoption of novelties of agriculture among a population like that of India; and there is some danger of the experiments coming too late.

Economist.

AN INEDITED ELEGY BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH — Struggling the other day through a quantity of old papers, I lighted on poor Goldy's panegyric of his warm-hearted patron, the amiable and intelligent Quaker, Joseph Fenn Sleigh (Foote's "Doctor Sligo"), "the schoolfellow of Burke at Ballitore, the first friend of Barry the painter, who died prematurely in 1771, an eminent physician at Cork." (Prior's *Life of Goldsmith*, i. 148-9.)

The doctor, who was of Derbyshire descent, died on Thursday, May 10, 1770, aged thirty-seven (life how short for his sorrowing friends!) leaving behind him an idiotic sister and a large fortune — the latter (as too many know to their bitter cost) a never-ending subject of litigation; but to which, if every one had his due, we believe a certain learned serjeant has, or ought to have, a prior claim: —

"It were in vain to expatiate on virtues universally known, to emblazon that merit which every heart confesses; were even Fancy to be indulged, it could not exaggerate the reality; but Fancy can here find no breast sufficiently vacant for its adhesion — on the hearts of all who knew him; on the wretch whom he relieved — of the Parent whom he soothed; or of the Friend whom he delighted: —

"Undoubted grief! no grief excessive call,
Nor stop the tears which now in torrents fall.
Dear Sleigh's no more! the man whom all ad-
mired,

The man whose breast each social virtue fired,
Is now no more! In Death's cold sleep he lies;
A cause sufficient for our friendly sighs.
Could Learning, Goodness, Charity insure,
Could Worth and Genius, Wit and Truth secure
Our darling Sleigh — then Love sincere might
save

The best of men from an untimely grave!
Cease my sad heart, nor injure by your lays
The worthy man you faintly strive to praise!
View every face — behold the rich and poor —
With downcast eyes regret that Sleigh's no more!

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH,
"Roscommon, Ireland."

Notes and Queries.

*CHAPTER XXIII.

THIS was a very favourable year for Pumelhagen; and when the harvest came, and the prices of grain went up, Axel von Rambow was relieved from all his anxieties and embarrassments.

He made calculations, and was quite sure, reckoning the rape at such a figure, and the profit of the sheep and of the dairy-farm at so and so much, that, with the quantity of wheat he should have, he could pay the last dollar of his debts. The devil must be in it, if he didn't finish this year, completely out of debt. There was good reason why this year should be prosperous, he had been himself at Pumelhagen, he had concerned himself in the management of affairs, and every one knows that the eye of the master is for husbandry what the sun is for the world, everything grows and ripens in its light, and the grass grows green beneath the master's tread. So Axel took the gifts and mercies of the Lord coolly out of his hands, and gave himself the credit of the blessed year,—even the high price of grain seemed to him a deserved reward for his industry.

So he sat on his high horse, and although he found it for the moment a little difficult to meet the necessary expenses of the estate, and to pay the notes held by David and Slusuhr, as they fell due, yet it gave him no uneasiness, for he had gained great credit, in the region, for his intelligent and industrious management, as he inferred from the fact that Pomuchelskopp had several times taken occasion to offer him money. He had accepted it, without reflection, to satisfy David and Slusuhr, and he paid them with Pomuchelskopp's money, and they paid it again to Pomuchelskopp, and he again to Axel, and so it went round the circle. This arrangement would have been very fine, if he had not been the only one to suffer by it, and if Pomuchelskopp had not had the inconvenience of unpacking the rouleaux, every time, lest Axel should notice that he got his own money again. But this was unavoidable, unless Pomuchelskopp would come out from his cover, under which he lay in wait for Pumelhagen; so he yielded to the necessity, especially since he found the business so amusing.

Axel also took pleasure in this business, for he always had money to supply his necessities, and the amount that he gave for it seemed to him quite insignificant, since it had never occurred to him to reckon the interest for a whole year. He to

also thought seriously of introducing great improvements upon the estate. It is an old story, though a sad one, that these young masters, who understand nothing properly about farming, are always introducing improvements, whereby they ruin themselves in the speediest manner. I mean, particularly, with the live stock. Why is this so? I think it is mainly because the young masters have very little trouble in procuring a new bull or a pair of new-fashioned rams, and because the laws of cattle-breeding are so plainly laid down, that the stupidest person can discourse wisely about them. They need only to shove aside the experience of years, and that is not hard for them, and then they stand there, with their young heads, as important as the old people with their gray ones.

Upon the Pumelhagen estate, there was a dairy-farm, of Breitenburg cows, which the old Kammerath had purchased with Habermann's assistance, and upon Habermann's recommendation. Something new must be done here, so Axel journeyed to Sommersdorf, in Pomerania, where there was a cattle-auction, and bought, upon Pomuchelskopp's advice, a wonderful Ayrshire bull. Why? Well, firstly, because he was handsome, secondly, because he came from Scotland, and, thirdly, because he was something new. There was a flock of sheep on the estate, of the Negretti-stock, which yielded a great deal of wool, and were always profitable, but Pomuchelskopp, as he said, had got a thaler and a half more the stone, at the wool-market, so the young Herr let himself be persuaded into buying of his neighbor, for ready money, a pair of very fine Electoral rams. That he could estimate the value of them and reckon it against Pomuchelskopp, to his great advantage, did not occur to him; he had enough else to think of.

Habermann strove, with all his might, against these new arrangements, but in vain; in the eyes of his young Herr he was an old man, who had fallen astern and could not keep up with the times; and although the old man based his opposition on very strong and reasonable arguments, he had always the same answer: "But, good heavens! we can at least try it;" not thinking that, in some things, trying and ruining are the same. The inspector could do nothing, and was only thankful his master had not taken to raising thorough-bred horses, which was the business he detested, of all others. The young wife also, could prevent nothing; [¹ Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Littell & Gay, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.]

she did not know the manner in which Axel relieved himself from his difficulties,—without being an indifferent observer, she must judge by what she saw, and this was just at present with Axel great contentment and golden prospects.

In Gurlitz, also, Pomuchelskopp and his Hännung were in a state of great, though not strictly speaking, family contentment; but this they did not expect, in their modesty, no, they were contented with the smooth progress of the money business, and their prospects became, literally, more and more golden, for the boundary between Pumelhagen and Gurlitz was growing more and more undefined, and Pomuchelskopp, meanwhile, had only the unpleasant task of clipping his Hännung's wings, lest she should positively fly over the hedge, and scratch for worms on the other side.

In Jochen Nüssler's house, the old lady Contentment had established herself comfortably on the divan, and, if one had spoken of golden prospects there, it must have been in the sense in which the poets speak of the "golden morning sky," not because they think that the glow of the morning sky is like the glitter of gold, but only that they know nothing more beautiful than the latter, possibly because they see it so seldom. Gottlieb was getting rid of his long-haired, Pietistic ways, and beginning to look at the world with his natural eyes, instead of through the blue spectacles he had acquired at Erlangen, or elsewhere.

To Bräsig's joy, he played Boston—very badly; he had been on horse-back once, and had fallen off, without getting hurt, and when he came to Jochen Nüssler's harvest feast, though he did not exactly dance, that is to say, openly, before all the people, he had practised a Schottische with Lining in the parlor, and, at its close, had sung with a clear though rather plaintive voice, "Vivallera!"

But Rudolph? Well, we will only repeat what Hilgendorf himself said to Bräsig about him: "He, Bräsig? Just as I was, true as I live! Bones like ivory! Just looks at a thing, and knows how, just as I used to! And books? Won't touch 'em! Just like me!"

Frau Nüssler was happy in the happiness of her children, and young Jochen and young Banschan sat together peacefully, for hours, without saying a word, and thought of the time when they should have a new crown-prince, young Jochen Rudolph, and young Banschan the seventh. That was not exactly a morning sky, but

for moderate people, like Jochen and Banschan, an evening sky often looks golden.

So in every house, in the whole region, there was happiness for each after its kind, but in one house, where peace had long been an inmate, and had sat in its own place by the warm stove, in winter, and under the lindens before the door, or in the arbor in the garden, in summer, like a good old grandfather, and had kept a watchful eye upon little Louise's joyous bounds, and had guided the Frau Pastorin's duster, and kept the Herr Pastor's papers in order, the good old grandfather was no longer there,—he had silently taken his leave, and had shut the door softly behind him, and was gone to the place whence he came; and, in his stead, unrest and anxiety had entered, for the good old Pastor was daily growing weaker. He was not confined to a sick-bed, and had no particular disease, and Doctor Strumpf, of Rahnstadt, with the best intentions in the world, could find, out of the three thousand, seven hundred, seventy and seven diseases which humanity is subject to, by good rights, no single one which suited him. So he must minister to himself, and he did so, for good old grandfather Peace, when he took his departure, had laid his hand on the Pastor's head, saying, "I go, but only for a short time; then I will return to thy Regina. Thou dost not need me, for I entered thy heart years ago, in the solemn hour when thou didst choose between God and the world. Now sleep, for thou mayest well be weary."

And he was weary, very weary. His Regina had placed him on the sofa, under the picture-gallery, according to his desire, that he might look out of the window; his Louise had covered him warmly, and they had both gone out on tiptoe, that they might not disturb his repose. Out of doors, the first snowflakes of the winter were falling from the sky, gently, ever gently; and it was as quiet without as within, as within his heart; and it seemed to him as if the outstretched hands of Christ beckoned and pointed,—no one saw it, but so his Regina afterwards explained the matter,—and he got up, and opened his old chest of drawers, which he had from his father, and which his mother had always polished, herself, and had seated himself in the arm-chair before it, wishing once more to look over things which he had valued so much.

The chest was his cabinet of curiosities, for everything that had been important or remarkable in his life had its memento here; it was his family medicine chest, in

which he stored his remedies for the troubles and cares of this world, which he used when he was sick at heart; simple remedies, but they always answered the purpose. They were not put up in vials and bottles and boxes, and no labels were fastened on them; they were merely plucked by his hand, in happy hours, and preserved for use. Everything, by which he could recall to his memory the purest joys of his life, was gathered here, and whenever he was sad, he refreshed his soul with them, and he never closed the old chest without deriving strength from his remedies, and expressing gratitude for them. There lay the Bible, which, when a boy, he had received from his father, there was the beautiful crystal glass, which his best friend had given him, when he left the University, there was the pocket-book, which his Regina had embroidered for him, when they were betrothed; there were sea-shells, which a sailor, whom he once directed into the right way, had sent to him, years after; there were little Christmas and New Year notes, from Louise and Mining, and Lining, which they had indited with infinite labor, and also their first attempts at needle-work; there was the withered bridal-wreath worn by his Regina on their wedding-day, and the great silver-clasped, pictorial Bible, Habermann's gift, and the silver mounted meerschaum pipe, Bräsig's gift, upon his seventy-fifth birth-day. In the cupboard underneath, were old shoes; the shoes which Louise and Regina and himself had worn, when they first entered the Pastor's house.

Old shoes are not beautiful, but these must have been very dear to him, for he had taken them out, and placed each pair by itself, and looked long at them, and thought much, and then he had taken his first Bible upon his lap, and opened at our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, and read therein. No one saw him, to be sure, but it must have been so; his Regina knew very well how it all happened. And then he grew weary, and laid his head back against the chair, and fell softly asleep.

So they found him, and the little Frau Pastorin sat down by him in the chair, and put her arms around him and closed his eyes, and laid her head against his, and cried silently, and Louise threw herself at his feet, and folded her hands upon his knees, and looked, with tearful eyes, at the two dear, still faces. Then the little Frau Pastorin folded down the leaf in the Bible, and took it gently out of his hand, and she rose up, and Louise rose also, and clung about her neck, and they both broke into loud weeping, and sought protection and

comfort in each other, until it grew to be twilight. Then the little Frau Pastorin took the Pastor's boots and her shoes, and put them back into the cupboard, saying, "I bless the day, when you came together into this house;" and Louise put her little shoes beside them, saying, "And I the day, when you first crossed the threshold," and then they locked up the chest, with all its joys.

After three days, good Pastor Behrens was buried, in his churchyard, in a place which he had selected, during his life, which one could see, through the clear panes of glass, from the living-room of the parsonage, and upon which fell the first beams of the morning sun.

The funeral guests had departed, Habermann also had been obliged to go; but Uncle Bräsig had explained that he should spend the night at the parsonage. Through the day, he had lent a helping hand, and now, as he saw the two women standing at the window, arm in arm, lost in sorrowful thoughts, he stole softly out of the room, up to his sleeping-chamber, and looked, through the twilight, over to the churchyard, where the dark grave lay in the white snow. He thought of the man who lay beneath it, how often he had extended the hand, to help and to counsel him, and he vowed to repay the debt he owed him, with all his might, to the Frau Pastorin. And underneath, in the living-room, stood the two bereaved women, also looking over at the dark grave, and vowed silently, in their hearts, each to the other, all the love and friendship, which he had so often enjoined, and so constantly practiced. And the little Frau Pastorin thanked God and her Pastor that she had so sweet a comforter in her sorrow as she held in her arms, and she stroked Louise's soft hair, and kissed her again and again; and Louise prayed to God and her other father, that she might be endowed with all that was good and lovely, that she might lay it all in her foster-mother's lap.

Fresh graves are like hot-beds, which the gardeners plant; the fairest flowers spring out of them; but poisonous toad-stools shoot up, also, from these beds.

That same evening, two other people in Gurlitz, were standing at a window, and looking through the panes, in the twilight, — not at the God's acre, that was far from their thoughts, no, at the Pastor's acre, — and Pomuchelskopp said to his Häning, now they could not fail, now the field fell out of the lease, now they would have it, he would speak to the new Pastor about it, before his appointment.

"Muchel," said Häning, "the Pum-

pelhagen people will never allow it, they will not let that field slip out of their fingers."

"Häning, out of their fingers? I hold it in my own hands."

"Yes, if the young Herr must accommodate you; but how if we should get a young priest here, who will farm it himself?"

"Klücking, I don't recognize you, my dear Klücking! We have the choice; we will choose a Pietist. That kind are all taken up with their Bibles and Psalm-books and tracts, and have no leisure for farming."

"Yes, but you don't choose alone, there are Pumpehagen, and Rexow, and Warnitz."

"Klücking, Warnitz and Rexow! What can they do against Pumpehagen and Gurlitz? — If the Pumpehagen people and my people agree —"

"Don't trust to your people, you will get nothing but vexation. Don't you know how the Pastor's wife treated you? and she can do anything she pleases with the villagers, they stick to her like burs."

"Can't I get her out of the way? She shall move out of the village! There is no Pastor's-widow-house here, and am I likely to build one? Make the most of your meal, Frau Pastorin, you will have to go further!"

"Kopp, you are a great blockhead! The election of the new Pastor comes first." With that she left him.

"Klücking," he called after her, "I promise you, dear Klücking, I will make it all right."

Yes, many a poisonous weed grows out of a fresh grave, when the heirs reach out impatient hands for the money and goods of the silent man, when a neighbor profits by the distress of the widow and orphan to make his own house and garden and fields larger and finer, and when the coarse fellow sits in his comfortable sofa corner, and grumbles at it, as a great trial, that he must go out to water a new milch cow.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BRASIG had remained at the parsonage through the week. He made all the arrangements rendered necessary by such a change; he made out the inventory, wrote whole heaps of the drollest mourning letters, and carried them to the post himself, in spite of snow and cold and podagra; he settled with the tailor and shoemaker at Rahnstadt, and now, on the Monday after the funeral, he was sitting with the Frau Pastorin and Louise at the breakfast-table, intending to leave imme-

dately after, when a carriage stopped before the door, and Franz von Rambow jumped down, and soon after, healthy and joyous, entered the room. But how his face changed when he saw the black mourning dresses of the two women. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, in his first surprise, "what has happened? Where is the Herr Pastor?"

The little Frau Pastorin rose from her chair, and going up to the young Herr she gave him her hand, and said, with an effort, "My Pastor has gone a journey to his last home, and he left greetings for all, all — here she was overcome, and put her handkerchief to her eyes, "all whom he once loved, you also."

And Louise came up, and gave him her hand, without speaking. The color had risen in her face, when she first saw and recognized him, but now she was composed again, and seated herself. And Bräsig shook hands, and talked of this and that, to turn their attention to other subjects, and away from their fresh grief; but Franz did not listen, he stood like one thunderstruck, the news was so unexpected, and fell so heavily upon his joyous hopes.

He had spent two years at the academy in Eldena, had been industrious, and had stored his mind with all the sciences which he would need in the widest field of agriculture, or which could assist him in his chosen calling; the practical part of it he had already acquired, under Habermann's instruction; he was now of age, and could take possession of his property, nothing stood in the way of his establishing a household, but his own consideration. This, and the late Pastor's quiet, sensible letters, which had carefully avoided the remotest question or allusion, and with all their joyous heartiness had showed so much intelligence and reason, had kept him from hasty steps and rash actions. He had not a cold heart, it beat as hotly in his breast as that of any other young man, who falls over head and ears in love at first sight, and at once offers his heart and his hand; but, from his childhood, he had been thrown upon his own judgment, and been accountable for his own actions, and had decided the smallest matters after much reflection, — some said too much reflection, — but it did no harm! In this matter he was right, he would take this important step in life with a warm heart, but with a cool head. He had restrained his heart, had locked all his sweet dreams of joy and happiness in his own breast, like the sweet kernel in a hard nut; he would not crack the nut for his mere

pleasure, he would wait patiently, till favorable circumstances, like the sun and rain, should make the shell open gently of itself, and the green sprout should come to light, and a tree should grow from it, beneath whose shade he and his Louise might sit happily together. And when his heart beat faster, and urged him to visit her, and see her again, he strove against it, with a right feeling toward his maiden, she should not be troubled till she had time to learn and to comprehend herself; and he had a feeling of pride, that he would have no match-maker meddling with his happiness. And when his heart often bled in the conflict, he called to it, fresh and strong; "Hands off! We are playing no lottery, here! Such a gain is too easily won, and too easily lost. The reward shall pay for the trouble. No bitter, no sweet!"

But now he was of age, now he was in all respects a man, now his own pride and his honor toward the dearest, sweetest maiden in the world were to receive their reward, now the tender green of the sprouting kernel pushed through the softened shell, and through the dark earth, up to the light, and it was time to care for it, that the tree might grow; and it was not time, merely, it was also duty. Now he threw himself into his carriage, the strife between the cool judgment and the warm heart was at an end, the former he left at home, safely stowed away, so that it might not be lost, for he might need it afterwards, and the latter he took with him, and comforted and soothed it, and sung it sweet songs, all the way, as if it were a child in the cradle, and he the mother.

And now all this joy was gone, the songs of happiness and love had been sung in vain, between these two sorrowful, black-robed forms, his heart throbbed as restlessly as before, and though he had left his judgment at home, his kind feelings, his reverence for so great a sorrow, and his remembrance of the worthy, silent man, were too strong for him, and against such a power, no honest heart could strive; it surrenders, although with wounds and suffering. Love is full of selfishness, and knows no consideration for others, people say, — and there is truth in it! It is a world for itself, and goes its own way, as if it had no concern for anything else; but if it comes from God, its path is marked out by eternal laws, that it should do no injustice, nowhere give offence, and beam upon other worlds with its sweet, gentle light, like the evening star, when it sheds peace upon the weary heart.

Such was Franz's love, it could not offend, could not bring trouble upon others, it must comfort and heal; so he restrained his heart, and was silent, and when he took his leave of the parsonage, he felt like a wanderer, who has come, with labor and weariness, to the church tower, which beckoned to him in the distance, and when he reaches the first houses in the village, he finds that this is not the right place, and that the end of his journey lies far beyond; he takes one deep, refreshing draught, and travels sturdily on.

It was a lovely, bright winter's day as Franz walked towards Pumpelhagen, letting the carriage follow slowly behind him; Bräsig went with him. The young man was absorbed in his own thoughts, Bräsig quite the contrary, so they did not accord well together. Bräsig should have held his tongue instead of telling all the stories which haunted his brain, but it was one of Uncle Bräsig's happiest peculiarities, that he never observed when he was troublesome. At last, however, he became aware that the young Herr gave him no replies; he stood still, as it happened, in the very place where Axel had treated him so shabbily, and asked, "How? Am I perhaps an inconvenience to, you? It has happened to me before, in this very place, with your gracious Herr Cousin; I can go on by myself, as I did then."

"Dear Herr Inspector," said Franz, grasping the old man's hand; "you must not be offended with me; the death of the good Pastor, and the sad change in the dear old parsonage, have affected me very deeply."

"So?" said Bräsig, pressing his hand, "if that is it, then I am not at all offended, and I always said also, to the Frau Pastoriin and the little Louise, that you were an educated farmer, like the man in the book, since you keep kind feelings in your heart, and can look out for the good-for-nothing farm-boys; and I have always told Rudolph he should take you for a model. Do you know Rudolph?" And he began to tell about Rudolph and Mining, and Gottlieb and Lining, and brought the whole region into the story, and Franz compelled himself to listen attentively, so that before he reached Pumpelhagen, he knew all about everybody, even about Pomuchelskopp and his Hanning.

"So," said Bräsig, when they reached the court-yard, "you go now to your gracious Herr Cousin, and I to Habermann, and what I have said to you about Pomuchelskopp, and his secret projects must remain *preter propter* between us, and you may rely upon it, I will keep watch of

him, and if he attempts any more scurvy tricks I will let you know."

But Franz did not go into the manor house, he ran before Bräsig into the farm-house, into the room where he had spent so many quiet, happy hours with his good old instructor, and he fell upon the old man's neck, and old and young lay in each other's arms, as if the time and the years between the two had been blotted out, and the old eyes grew moist, and the young cheeks took a fresher color, as if age were giving its dew and its blessing that youth might grow fresher and brighter. So it was, and so shall it ever be!

Then Franz went up to Fritz Triddel-sitz, and offered his hand: "Good day, Fritz!"

But Fritz had his pride, also, his burgher-pride, and he had also his revenge, the revenge which he had stamped into the pease-field, after the ditch-rendezvous, so he said, coldly, "How do you find yourself, Herr von Rambow?"

"Fritz, have you no sense?" said Franz, and turned away and left him, as if Fritz were an inexplicable riddle, and he would turn to something else; he shook hands with the two old men, and went to his cousin.

"Karl," said Bräsig, sitting down to the table, where the dinner stood ready, "an excellent young man, this Herr Von! And what a beautiful piece of roast pork you have here! I have seen no roast pork, in seven cold winters."

The reception given Franz, by his cousin Axel, was cordial, and the joy he expressed was sincere, as might well be supposed, for the two cousins were the only male descendants of their race. Frida, whom Franz had previously met at her wedding, was particularly pleased with the kind-hearted, sensible young man, and did everything in her power to make his visit agreeable, and as Habermann, having given Bräsig his company a little way after dinner, was returning across the court, she sent out, and invited him in to coffee, believing rightly that it would please Franz. Upon this occasion, it came out that Franz had gone already to the farm-house, and had made his first call on the inspector. This annoyed Axel a little, he wrinkled up his forehead at the intelligence, and his wife, at least, noticed before long that he began to put on the master. This would have been a matter of indifference, if he had not been so unreasonable and unjust as to punish Habermann, by a cold, ceremonious manner, for the fault of Franz,—if it were a fault.

The company was not quite harmonious;

every friendly word, which was exchanged between Habermann and Franz, disturbed Axel; he became stiffer and colder, and the whole conversation, in spite of the lovely warm sunshine which the young wife always diffused around her, was dropping to the freezing-point, when Habermann suddenly sprang up, went to the window, and, without a word, ran out of the room. Axel's face turned a dusky red with the anger that rose in him; "That is very strange behavior!" cried he, "the Herr Inspector seems to consider himself exempt from the ordinary rules of politeness.

"It must be something very important," said Frida, going to the window. "What is he doing to that laborer?"

"That is the day-laborer, Regel," said Franz, who was also looking out of the window.

"Regel! Regel!" said Axel, springing up, "that is the messenger that I sent to Rostock yesterday, with two thousand thalers in gold; he cannot be back so soon."

"That must be what has disconcerted the old man so," said Franz. "Only see, he is laying hands on the fellow! I never saw him so excited!" and he ran out of the door, and Axel after him.

As they came out the old inspector had seized the young, strong day-laborer in the breast, and shook him till his hat fell off into the snow.

"Those are lies!" cried he, as he shook him, "those are miserable lies! Herr von Rambow, this fellow has lost the money!"

"No, they took it from me!" cried the laborer, standing there, pale as death.

Axel also turned pale; the two thousand thalers should have been paid in Rostock, long ago, but he had delayed till the last moment, and then borrowed the sum of Pomuchelskopp,—and now it was gone.

"They are lies!" repeated Habermann, "I know the fellow. They took the money away from you by force! No ten fellows could take even a pipe of tobacco from you by force!" and he attacked him again.

"Hold!" cried Franz, coming between them. "Let the man just tell his story, quietly. How was it about the money?"

"They took it from me," said Regel. As I was beyond Rahnstadt, this morning, near the Galliner wood, two fellows came toward me, and one of them asked me for a little fire for his pipe, and while I was striking it, the other seized me behind, by the belt, and pulled me off, and they took the black package out of my pocket, and

then they ran off into the Galliner wood, and I after them, but I could not catch them."

"What is that?" interrupted Axel, "how did you come to be near the Galliner wood this morning? It lies only half a mile beyond Rahnstadt. Did I not charge you expressly, to get a pass from the burgemeister at Rahnstadt, and ride all night, so that the money might be in Rostock at noon to-day?" (This was the last day on which the note could be paid, it would otherwise be protested.)

"Yes, Herr," said the laborer, "I got the pass, and here it is," and he pulled it out of his hat band, "but to ride all the winter night was too much, and I stayed with my friends in Rahnstadt, thinking I could get to Rostock in time."

"Krischan Diesel!" called Habermann, across the courtyard. He had become perfectly composed, for it was merely the conviction that the laborer was lying to his face, which had roused the old man to such a state of excitement.

"Herr von Rambow," said he, as Krischan came up, "don't you wish the justice to be sent for?" and as Axel assented, he said, "Krischan, take two of the carriage horses, and put them to the chaise. You must bring the Herr Burgomeister from Rahnstadt; I will give you a letter to him. And you, Regel, come with me, I will show you a quiet place, where you can recollect yourself." With that, he went off with the day-laborer, and locked him into a chamber.

When Axel returned to the house with his cousin, he had an excellent opportunity to make the young man acquainted with his pecuniary embarrassments; but, although he knew that Franz could easily and willingly help him, he was silent. It is a strange but indisputable fact, that people who run in debt will turn sooner to the hard heart of the usurer, for assistance, than to the soft ones of friends and relatives. They are too proud to acknowledge their debts, but not too proud to beg and to borrow of the most good-for-nothing Jew money-lenders. But it is not pride, it is nothing but the most pitiable cowardice, which is afraid of the reasonable and well-meant remonstrances of friends and relatives.

So Axel was silent, and walked restlessly up and down the room, while Frida was talking with Franz over this singular occurrence. The business was a very serious one for him, the money must be procured, or he would be sued for it, — his note was probably already protested. He

could no longer endure it; he ordered his horse, and, although it was growing dark, he went off for a ride, — so he said, at least, — but he went to Pomuchelskopp.

Pomuchelskopp listened to Herr von Rambow's troubles with a great deal of sympathy, and lamented the wickedness of mankind, and expressed the opinion that Herr von Rambow might as well have no inspector at all as one who had not understanding enough to choose a safe messenger on such an important business, — he would not say anything but there must be something behind; he would say nothing prematurely, but this much he would say, Habermann had always looked out sharply for his own interests, for example, there was the Pastor's acre; he had advised the late Herr Kammerath to rent it, so that his own salary might be increased; but it was certainly an injury to the Pumpehagen husbandry, as he could convince the Herr, and he inflicted upon Axel a long chapter of calculations which the latter did not attempt to follow, for, in the first place, he did not understand calculations, and secondly, he was absorbed, for the moment, in thoughts of his troubles. He said "Yes" to everything, and at last came out with the request that Pomuchelskopp should advance another two thousand thalers.

Pomuchelskopp hesitated a little at first, and scratched behind his ear, but at last said, "Yes;" on condition that Axel would not rent the Pastor's acre again, of the new Pastor. This might well have startled the young Herr, and Mu-chel was conscious of the danger, so he proved to him again, with figures, that it would be much better that the Gurlitz farm should undertake this lease, and that in this way both would be gainers. Axel gave but little attention, and finally consented to give the desired promise in writing; his difficulty was pressing, he must meet the first necessity, and he was just the sort of man to kill his milch cow, in order to sell her skin.

The business was now settled; Axel wrote his bond, and Pomuchelskopp packed up the two thousand thalers, and sent it, with a letter from Axel, by his own servant, to Rahnstadt, to the post. That was the best way; no one in Pumpehagen need know anything about it. As Axel rode home, he repeated two lies to himself, until he really believed them; first, that Habermann alone was properly to be blamed for the loss of the money, and second, that he ought to be glad to get rid of the Pastor's acre.

From The Quarterly Review.
FRENCH PATRIOTIC SONGS.*

It is an old saying that "l'ancien gouvernement de la France était une monarchie absolue tempérée par les chansons;" and a more recent French writer has observed that, "the French sang while the English were dismembering France, through the civil war of the Armagnacs, during the League, the Fronde, and the Regency; and it was to the sound of songs by Rivarol and Champeonet that the monarchy fell to pieces at the close of the eighteenth century."

This passage points to a peculiarity which distinguishes French patriotic songs from those of most other nations, namely, that they generally owe their origin to civil dissensions or party conflicts. Hence it has come to pass that the songs which express the patriotism of to-day, often symbolize the treason of to-morrow. They thus become of historical value, and we propose to confine our attention at present to those connected with the history of the revolutionary governments of France from the end of last century, first devoting a few words to one of an earlier date.

It would seem natural that the French should possess some poem equivalent to our National Anthem, when most nations of Europe have some one song, whose words are on every tongue and whose sounds are in every ear, ready to break forth in a hearty chorus whenever any occasion of national interest arises. The Austrians have their "Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser;" the Prussians, "Heil dir im Siegerkranz;" the Belgians, their "Brançonne;" Russia and Poland each their national song; and every one of these is wedded to music of a grand heart-stirring character, while the words are certainly in most instances (as in our own National Anthem) easily convertible to the occasional changes of rulers' names, unless indeed (as in the case of Poland), they apostrophize the native country once for all. But the nearest approach in France to any ancient song of this kind is the "Vive Henri Quatre." The words which we subjoin will also illustrate a peculiarity, which we shall have to notice in several later French songs, which have obtained in their day a great political importance. This peculiarity lies in the fact that the

words of the song may have no sort of political importance at all; but either a passing reference to an individual, or the supposition that some particular person composed the words or music of the song, or even had some special pleasure in hearing it, has been sufficient to endow it either with a party or patriotic importance. The first stanza of "Vive Henri Quatre" is the only one really dating from his time. The second was added at the commencement of the reign of Louis XVI., and the third and fourth were written a little later by Collé, when his play, "Le Partie de Chasse de Henri IV," was performed for the first time in Paris. The song itself became of such royalist importance as to be proscribed during the Revolution and reinstated at the Restoration. The air is that of a dance, of which Henri IV. himself is said to have been especially fond. The first and second stanza will suffice by way of specimen: —

VIVE HENRI QUATRE.

Vive Henri Quatre!
Vive ce roi vaillant!
Ce diable à quatre
A le triple talent
De boire et de battre
Et d'être un vert galant.

Chantons l'antienne
Qu'on chant'ra dans mille ans:
" Que Dieu maintienne
En paix ses descendants,
Jusqu'à ce qu'on prenne
La lune avec les dents."

Another song became a sort of royalist war-cry, from the part it played in exciting, by its remarkable opportuneness, the passions of the King's party at the great banquet given by the Guards in the theatre of Versailles, on the 1st of October, 1789. This was the famous air from Grétry's opera of "Richard Coeur-de-Lion." The words are by Sedaine: —

O Richard, O mon roi!
L'univers t'abandonne:
Sur la terre il n'est donc que moi
Qui m'intéresse à ta personne?
Moi seul dans l'univers
Voudrais briser tes fers,
Et tout le monde t'abandonne.

The performance of this song, as the King and royal family left the theatre, wound up the enthusiasm of the guests to a pitch of almost frantic fanaticism, the report of which, on reaching Paris, had the immediate result of causing the march of the Poissardes, with Maillard at their head, to

* *Chansons Nationales et Populaires de France.*
Dumeran et Noël Ségur. Paris, 1866.
2. *Le Chansonnier Patriote.* Paris, An 1. de la République.

Versailles, and the deplorable scenes which followed it.

Another of the royalist songs, which obtained its vogue from the fact of its being a favourite with Marie Antoinette, owes as little to its words or music as "Vive Henri Quatre." This is the song of "Pauvre Jacques," which originated in the following little incident of the Court of Versailles:—

When the grounds of the Queen's favourite residence — the Petit Trianon — were laid out anew, in the year 1776, according to the so-called English style, then very fashionable, a portion of the centre was planned to represent a Swiss mountain scene. It was called "la petite Suisse," and provided not only with a Swiss chalet, a Swiss dairy and Swiss cows, but even with a pretty Swiss dairymaid, "pour animer le paysage." The whole arrangement appeared complete to all parties but one, the dairymaid herself, who fell ill almost to death of nostalgia, which in her case was aggravated by her having left her heart in the keeping of a peasant of whom she was always talking, as her "pauvre Jacques." The incident supplied a subject of both verse and melody to a court lady, the Marquise de Travanet, who produced the following song:—

PAUVRE JACQUES.

Pauvre Jacques, quand j'étais près de toi,
Je ne sentais pas ma misère;
Mais à présent que tu vis loin de moi,
Je manque de tout sur la terre.
Quand tu venais partager mes travaux,
Je trouvais ma tâche légère;
T'en souvenit il ? tous les jours étaient beaux.
Qui me rendra ce temps prospère ?

Quand le soleil brille sur nos guérets,
Je ne puis souffrir la lumière :
Et quand je suis à l'ombre des forêts,
J'accuse la nature entière.
Pauvre Jacques, quand j'étais près de toi,
Je ne sentais pas ma misère;
Mais à présent que tu vis loin de moi,
Je manque de tout sur la terre.

We may add that the Queen, moved by the story and doubtless also by the song, the music of which is very touching, had the peasant sent for and the poor girl made happy with a sufficient portion to allow of her marriage. The words and air she heard many a time afterwards sung and played with a loyal reference to herself, and, unhappily, with all too true an application to her own circumstances.

It was different with another air of which the hapless Queen was very fond, and which she frequently used to play

upon the harpsichord. This was the famous "Carillon National," the air of which was adapted to the celebrated revolutionary song of "Ça ira," composed in 1790, when the preparations for the Fête de la Fédération were being made in the Champ de Mars. She was destined to hear her favourite air sung too often as a cry of rage and hatred against herself; it pursued her from Versailles to Paris; pierced its way to her haunted ears through the walls of the Conciergerie; startled her on her way to trial, and probably was the last sound she heard as she lay bound on the fatal guillotine.

ÇA IRA.

Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Le peuple en ce jour sans cesse répète:
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Malgré les mutins, tout réussira.

Nos ennemis confus en restent là,
Et nous allons chanter *Alleluia*—
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira.
En chantant une chansonnette,
Avec plaisir on dira:
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira.
Le peuple en ce jour sans cesse répète:
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Malgré les mutins, tout réussira.

Quand Boileau, jadis, du clergé parla
Comme un prophète il prédit cela.
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Suivant les maximes de l'Evangile;
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Du législateur tout s'accomplira:
Celui qui s'élève, on l'abaissera;
Et qui s'abaisse, on l'élèvera.
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Le peuple en ce jour sans cesse répète:
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Malgré les mutins, tout réussira.

Le vrai catéchisme nous instruira
Et l'affreux fanatisme s'éteindra;
Pour être à la loi docile,
Tout Français s'exercera.
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Le peuple en ce jour sans cesse répète:
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Malgré les mutins, tout réussira.

Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Pierrot et Margot chantent à la guinguette
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Réjouissons-nous, le bon temps reviendra.

Le peuple français jadis à *quia*,
L'aristocrate dit: *Mea culpa*,
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Le clergé regrette le bien qu'il a,

Par justice la nation l'aura;

Par le prudent Lafayette,

Tout trouble s'apaisera.

Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira, etc.

Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Par les flambeaux de l'auguste assemblée,

Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,

Le peuple armé toujours se gardera.

Le vrai d'avec le faux l'on connaîtra,

Le citoyen pour le bien soutiendra.

Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,

Quand l'aristocrate protestera,

Le bon citoyen au nez lui rira;

Sans avoir l'âme troublée,

Toujours le plus fort sera.

Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,

Le peuple en ce jour sans cesse répète:

Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,

Malgré les mutins, tout réussira.

Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,

Petits comme grands sont soldats dans l'âme.

Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira, etc.

Pendant la guerre, aucun ne trahira.

Avec cœur tout bon Français combattrra;

S'il voit du louche, hardiment parlera.

Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,

La Liberté dit: Vienne qui voudra,

Le patriotisme lui répondra,

Sans craindre ni feu ni flammes,

Le Français toujours vaincra!

Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,

Le peuple en ce jour sans cesse répète:

Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,

Malgré les mutins, tout réussira.

The poetry of the song is as poor as the tone is triumphant, filled with a certain insolent defiance of all authority and rule, and containing here and there light adaptations of Scripture to political ideas sufficient to shock English ears at least. But at the time it came so much into vogue the frenzied hatred against royalty had not reached the pitch which it afterwards attained, and high hopes were still centered upon the so-called "citizen king."

The facility of the measure and the swing of the music in the "Ça ira," of course rendered it a vehicle for many imitations and parodies — if we can designate as parodies sets of words which, after all, were but variations of the original, adapted to the changes and circumstances to which almost every successive day gave rise in a time so stirring as 1790. There are various versions of it in the little book of the period, whose title stands second on our list, the most notable probably being one by Deduit, the singing of which produced the following scene: —

"On Sunday, July 18, 1790,* M. Gour-

* Our readers will note that this was the Sunday

din, deputy for Bethune, in Artois, heard Deduit sing this song in the Café des Arts, boulevard du Temple. Carried away by his enthusiasm, he sprang into the orchestra and thus addressed the audience: "Brothers in arms and brave citizens, M. Deduit has just been crowned by your applause; I move that he be declared the patriot author and national poet (chansonnier)." The proposal was carried with enthusiasm, and Deduit, amidst thunders of approbation, returned thanks for his appointment."

It was in 1792, when matters had become much worse, that the atrocious Carmagnole threw the Carillon more or less into the shade. It appeared in 1792, when Louis XVI. was consigned to the Temple, one of the stanzas expressly referring to the fact. The air is a very inspiring one, and became a popular military quick-step. The song was sung, interchangeable with the "Ça Ira" and the "Marseillaise," between the acts in the theatres, and but too often round the guillotine. The name of Carmagnole has given rise to many conjectures. That of Dumersan and Ségur is but a weak one, namely, that the song was so called from the fact that about the time of its appearance the French troops had just entered Savoy and Piedmont, in which country the fortress of Carmagnola stands. It was most probably the name by which the air, to which these blood-thirsty verses were adapted, was generally known. We subjoin the whole song, with the exception of one stanza, which decency compels us to omit: —

LA CARMAGNOLE.

Madam' Veto avait promis (bis.)

De faire égorger tout Paris; (bis.)

Mais son coup a manqué,

Grâce à nos canonnié.

Dansons la carmagnole,

Vive le son! vive le son!

Dansons la carmagnole,

Vive le son du canon!

Monsieur Veto avait promis (bis.)

D'être fidèle à la patrie; (bis.)

Mais il y a manqué,

Ne faisons plus de quartier.

Dansons la carmagnole, etc.

Lorsque Louis vit fossoyer, (bis.)

A ceux qu'il voyait travailler, (bis.)

Il disait que pour peu

Il était dans ce lieu.

Dansons la carmagnole, etc.

next following the famous Fête de la Fédération, held on July 14th; the song makes special reference to the oath taken on that occasion by the king and queen, as well as by the whole nation.

Le patriote a pour amis
Tous les bonnes gens du pays;
Mais ils se soutiendront
Tous au son du canon.
Dansons la carmagnole, etc.

L'aristocrate a pour amis
Tous les royalistes de Paris;
Ils vous les soutiendront
Tout comm' de vrais poltrons.
Dansons la carmagnole, etc.

La gendarm'rie avait promis
Qu'elle soutiendrait la patrie;
Mais ils n'ont pas manqué
Au son du canonnier.
Dansons la carmagnole, etc.

Amis, restons toujours unis,
Ne craignons pas nos ennemis;
S'ils viennent attaquer,
Nous les ferons sauter.
Dansons la carmagnole, etc.

Oui, je suis sans culotte, moi,
En dépit des amis du roi,
Vivent les Marseillois,
Les Bretons et les lois.
Dansons la carmagnole, etc.

Oui, nous nous souvjendrons toujours
Des sans-culottes des faubourgs.
A leur santé, buvons;
Vivent les bons lurons!
Dansons la carmagnole,
Vive le son! vive le son!
Dansons la carmagnole,
Vive le son du canon!

As with the "Ça Ira," so with the "Carmagnole," there were several versions made. We give a verse from "La nouvelle Carmagnole," written by Claude Royer in 1793, which will show that the popular mind had not even then become any less truculent than before :—

Fuyez, fuyez, il en est temps!
La guillotine vous attend.
Nous vous raccourcîrons,
Vos têtes tomberont.
Dansons la Carmagnole, etc.

The "Carmagnole" was subsequent in point of time to the famous "Marseillaise," which may be regarded as first and chief in importance among the patriotic songs of France. It was not, however, originally a democratic and revolutionary production. The circumstances of its appearance, the feelings of its author, and, above all, the meaning of its words, prove it to be essentially a patriotic, as distinguished from a party, song.

As to its origin, Dumersan and Ségur make a singular error. They state that it was composed by Rouget de l'Isle, in hon-

(bis.) our of the entry of the Marseillais into Paris (July 30, 1792), misled, no doubt, by the name given to the song. But, in fact, it was not the author himself, but mere accident, which gave the song this name. The "Marseillaise" had done great work before that date, and only received its title from the fact of the Marseillais making it generally known by singing it on entering Paris, and at the banquet of welcome which they received in the Champs Elysées. We have met elsewhere the erroneous statement that Rouget de l'Isle wrote and composed the song for the express purpose of displacing the "Carmagnole," the tone and spirit of which were repulsive to him as well as to many right-minded men. One other curious misconception we may note on the subject, namely, that the "Chansonnier Patriote" states that the stanza beginning

"Nous entrerons dans la carrière."

to have been specially added for the use of children, and that "the name of Rouget, affixed to the street copies (*imprimés de deux liards*) of this song, is not that of the author."

The real facts of its origin are as follows :—Rouget de l'Isle, born at Lons-le-Saulnier in 1760 (the same year, be it noted, which gave birth to Arndt, the greatest German patriotic singer), was stationed at Strasburg, as an officer of Engineers at the time of the declaration of war by Louis XVI, against Austria, in April, 1792. We call attention to the date and the fact to show that the "Marseillaise" was the work of one of the King's own officers, engaged in service against his master's presumable enemies, to whom the verses refer. We admit, of course, that the King had no choice, and that the force of circumstances compelled him thus to proceed against the few friends he had left; but it is no wonder, considering the fact of the real danger of France and the close proximity of the enemy to Strasburg (an army of observation being actually in the Breisgau, on the opposite side of the Rhine), that the fire of real patriotism should have been kindled fiercely even in the hearts of Frenchmen who were loyal to their King. Strasburg then, as now, was thoroughly French at heart, and one of the foremost in the national uprising against invasion. In this city, as everywhere, volunteer forces were raised, and it was with the object of encouraging this volunteering that Dietrich, the mayor of Strasburg, requested Rouget de l'Isle to compose a song for the occasion. He

did it the same night, and hurriedly noted down at the same time the melody, which has ever since been its musical interpretation. This was rehearsed by a number of soldiers, played by a military band; and the words and music produced an astonishing effect when on the following afternoon the inhabitants were publicly invited to enrol themselves. The number required from Strasburg was six hundred men; but nine hundred presented themselves on the spot.

LA MARSEILLAISE.

Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé;
Contre nous de la tyrannie
L'étendard sanglant est levé. (bis.)
Entendez-vous dans nos campagnes
Mugir ces féroces soldats?
Ils viennent jusque dans vos bras
Egorger vos fils, vos compagnes!
Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons!
Marchons! (bis) qu'un sang impur abreuve nos
sillons.

Que veut cette horde d'esclaves,
De traitres, de rois conjurés?
Pour qui ces ignobles entraves,
Ces fers dès longtemps préparés? (bis.)
Français, pour nous. Ah! quel outrage!
Quels transports il doit exciter!
C'est nous qu'on ose méditer
De rendre à l'antique esclavage!
Aux armes, citoyens! etc.

Quoi! ces cohortes étrangères
Feraient la loi dans nos foyers?
Quoi! des phalanges mercenaires
Terrasseraient nos fiers guerriers? (bis.)
Grand Dieu! par des mains enchainées
Nos fronts sous le joug se plieraient!
De vils despotes deviendraient
Les maîtres de nos destinées!
Aux armes, citoyens! etc.

Tremblez, tyrans, et vous, perfides,
L'opprobre de tous les partis.
Tremblez! vos projets parricides
Vont enfin recevoir leur prix.
(bis.)
Tout est soldat pour vous combattre!
S'ils tombent, nos jeunes héros,
La terre en produit de nouveaux
Contre vous tout prêt à se battre!
Aux armes, citoyens! etc.

Français, en guerriers magnanimes,
Portez ou retenez vos coups:
Epargnez ces tristes victimes
A regret s'armant contre nous;
Mais ces despotes sanguinaires,
Mais les complices de Bouillé,
Tous ces tigres qui sans pitié
Déchirent le sein de leurs mères!
Aux armes, citoyens! etc.

Nous entrerons dans la carrière
Quand nos aînés n'y seront plus;
Nous y trouverons leur poussière
Et la trace de leurs vertus! (bis.)
Bien moins jaloux de leur survivre
Que de partager leur cercueil,
Nous aurons le sublime orgueil
De les venger ou de les suivre!
Aux armes, citoyens! etc.

Amour sacré de la patrie,
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs!
Liberté, liberté chérie,
Combats avec tes défenseurs! (bis.)
Sous nos drapeaux que la Victoire
Accourez à tes mâles accents;
Que tes ennemis expirants
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire!
Aux armes, citoyens! etc.

The following stanza is to be found in later editions of the song; —

Que l'union, que la patrie,
Fassent l'objet de tous nos vœux!
Ayons toujours l'âme nourrie
Des feux qu'ils inspirent tous deux.
Soyons unis, tout est possible
Nos vils ennemis tomberont;
Alors les Français cesseront
De chanter ce refrain terrible:
Aux armes, citoyens, &c.

It is easy to see that a different hand has been employed upon this weak interpolation from that of Rouget de l'Isle, concerning whom we may be allowed to add a few words. No stronger proof of his loyalty could be given than that he submitted to be deprived of his rank for refusing to take the oath after the 10th of August; that during the reign of Terror, and even at the very date when the Government commanded his song to form a part of every theatrical performance, he was imprisoned and in danger of his life; and that but for his having happily been spared till the 9th Thermidor set him free with so many more, he would have heard his own song chanted, as the ordinary familiar dirge by the mob surrounding him on his way to the guillotine. He served at a later period in the army of the Republic; was wounded at Quiberon; was promised a reward from the Commission of public recompenses, but overlooked in its distribution; was placed on half-pay under the Empire; neglected at the restoration; pensioned at last in 1830, when seventy years of age, by Louis Philippe; and died in 1836.

The "Chant du Départ" is the next of the songs which popular favour, if not poetic merits, has established as a French patriotic classic. Its appearance dates

from 1794. It was written by Marie-Joseph Chénier, for the anniversary festival of the destruction of the Bastille, and, if we accept Dumersan's account, both the words by Chénier and the music by Méhul were *improvised* amidst the din and conversation of a crowded drawing-room. The success of both, the words which inspired the music, and the music which interpreted the words, was electrifying. It was welcomed with a phrenzy of rapture hardly conceivable to us, men of another

time and country, but still attested sufficiently by the fact, that in every one of the changes, insurrections, and revolutions which France has since experienced, this song has been, with the "Marseillaise," the first to spring to Frenchmen's ready lips.

Our readers who are familiar with the music will be best able to judge how much the song loses from its absence; but we nevertheless venture to offer a version of the whole.

LE CHANT DU DÉPART.

La victoire en chantant nous ouvre la barrière,
La liberté guide nos pas,
Et du Nord au Midi la trompette guerrière
A sonné l'heure des combats.
Tremblez, ennemis de la France!
Rois ivres de sang et d'orgueil!
Le peuple souverain s'avance:
Tyrans, descendez au cercueil!

Great Victory sings as she points us the way,
Our steps freedom guideth aright,
From the North to the South the war trumpet's
loud bray
Hath sounded the signal of fight,
Now tremble ye foemen of France!
Kings whom pride and whom carnage un-
nerve,
As the sovereign people advance,
Down, down to the death ye deserve.

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

Then on, whether triumph or death be our lot
We'll obey the Republic's loud cry;
None is worthy of living for France, who is not
For France also ready to die.

A MOTHER SPEAKS.

From us shall all motherly weeping be far,
All craven regrets shall be still:
'Tis our triumph to see our sons rush to the
war;
Let kings melt to tears if they will!
O sons, we have given you life,
It is vowed to the land of your birth;
For her sake be bold in the strife:
Ye have no greater mother on earth.

CHORUS OF MOTHERS.

Then on, &c.

TWO OLD MEN SPEAK.

Let the sword of their sires arm the hand of the
brave;
Think of us, as the battle ye wage,
And drench with the life-blood of king and of
slave,
The brand consecrated by age.
So with wounds and with glory you'll come
Back again when the combat is o'er
Ere we die in a peaceable home,
When tyrants and kings are no more.

CHORUS OF OLD MEN.

Then on, &c.

A CHILD SPEAKS.

Of Barra, of Viala, we envy the lot;
Triumphant they fought and they bled:

CHŒUR DE GUERRIERS.

La république nous appelle,
Sachons vaincre ou sachons périr;
Un Français doit vivre pour elle,
Pour elle un Français doit mourir!

UNE MÈRE DE FAMILLE.

De nos yeux maternels ne craignez pas les
larmes;
Loin de nous de lâches douleurs!
Nous devons triompher quand vous prenez les
armes;
C'est aux rois à verser des pleurs!
Nous vous avons donné la vie,
Guerriers! elle n'est plus à vous;
Tous vous jours sont à la patrie:
Elle est votre mère avant nous!

CHŒUR DES MÈRES DE FAMILLE.
La république nous appelle, etc.

DEUX VIEILLARDS.

Que le fer paternel arme la main des braves!
Songez à nous, au champ de Mars;
Consacrez dans le sang des rois et des esclaves
Le fer bani par vos vieillards;
Et rapportant sous la chaumiére
Des blessures et des vertus,
Venez fermer notre paupière
Quand les tyrans ne seront plus!

CHŒUR DES VIEILLARDS.

La république nous appelle, etc.

UN ENFANT.

De Barra, de Viala, le sort nous fait envie:
Ils sont morts, mais ils ont vaincu.

Le lâche accablé d'ans n'a point connu la vie;
Qui meurt pour le peuple a vécu.
Vous êtes vaillants, nous le sommes;
Guidez-nous contre les tyrans;
Les républicains sont des hommes,
Les esclaves sont des enfants!

CHŒUR DES ENFANS.

La république nous appelle, etc.

UNE EPOUSE.

Partez, vaillants époux: les combats sont vos fêtes;
Partez, modèles des guerriers.
Nous cueillerons des fleurs pour enceindre vos têtes;
Nos mains tresseront des lauriers;
Et, si le temple de mémoire S'ouvrat à vos mânes vainqueurs,
Nos voix chanteront votre gloire,
Et nos flancs portent vos vengeurs.

CHŒUR DES EPOUSES.

La république nous appelle, etc.

UNE JEUNE FILLE.

Et nous, sœurs des héros, nous qui de l'hymenée Ignorons les aimables noeuds,
Si pour s'unir un jour à notre destinée,
Les citoyens forment des vœux,
Qu'ils reviennent dans nos murailles,
Beaux de gloire et de liberté;
Et que leur sang, dans les batailles,
Ait coulé pour l'égalité.

CHŒUR DES FILLES.

La république nous appelle, etc.

TROIS GUERRIERS.

Sur le fer, devant Dieu, nous jurons à nos pères,
A nos épouses, à nos sœurs,
A nos représentants, à nos fils, à nos mères;
D'anéantir les oppresseurs:
En tous lieux, dans la nuit profonde,
Plongeant l'infâme royaute,
Les Français donneront au monde
Et la paix et la liberté!

CHŒUR GENERAL.

La république nous appelle, etc.

Marie Joseph Chénier, who produced many patriotic songs in the revolutionary period, was son of the French consul at Constantinople, where he was born in 1762. His first entry into life was as an officer in the army, which he soon abandoned to devote himself to literary pursuits. His first dramatic success was dedicated to the King, Louis XVI., for whose execution he afterwards voted. He became, in the Revolution, a prominent member of the Jacobin party, and is even

The craven, a century old, liveth not;
The patriot never is dead.
We are boys, but a boy may be brave;
Lead us on to resist tyranny!
Let child be the name of the slave,
Let man be the name of the free.

CHORUS OF CHILDREN.

Then on, &c.

A WIFE SPEAKS.

Go, valorous husbands! be war your carouse;
Go, warriors, men of renown,
While we gather garlands to circle your brows,
And our hands weave the bright laurel crown;
And if in our country's bright story
Your names alone live, while we sing
Through our tears the proud tale of your glory,
From our loins your avengers shall spring.

CHORUS OF WIVES.

Then on, &c.

A YOUNG GIRL SPEAKS.

And we, sisters of heroes, to whom the delight
Of wedlock's sweet bond is unknown,
Say to men who their fate with our fate would unite
And are eager to call us their own,
"Come back from the battle-field gory,
Having bled for our land, and with pride
In your beauty of freedom and glory,
We'll welcome you back to our side."

CHORUS OF YOUNG GIRLS.

Then on, &c.

THREE WARRIOR SPEAK.

On our swords, before God, here we swear our great oath
To our sisters, our sons, and our wives,
To our nation, our parents thus plighting our troth
To fight till no tyrant survives;
Till down to the darkness of night
Haunting infamous royalty hurled,
The French shall have conquered the right
Of freedom and peace for the world.

GENERAL CHORUS.

Then on, &c.

said to have voted for the execution of his unhappy and gifted brother André who was guillotined in 1794. But there seems to be no foundation for this atrocious charge, which Marie-Joseph answered in his "Epître sur la Calomnie" (1797). In May, 1795, Marie-Joseph turned against the terrorists; in the following August he was made president of the Convention; on the 22nd September he was proclaimed the first of French poets! He became a member of the council of Five Hundred. He

held prominent posts under the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire, and died in the year 1811. The best known of his other songs are "Hymn to Liberty," "Song of the 14th July," "Ode on the Death of Mirabeau," "Song of Victory" (one of his best), and the "Chant du Rétour," which is but a very weak effort at providing a pendant for the "Chant du Départ."

The next song, which demands our attention, is the celebrated "Réveil du Peuple," to which the 9th Thermidor gave rise. It was composed in 1795, and may be regarded as the Marseillaise of the "Muscadins," having been constantly sung in the theatres and other places during the reaction produced by the tyranny of Robespierre and the Jacobins.

LE REVEIL DU PEUPLE.

Peuple français, peuple de frères,
Peux-tu voir, sans frémir d'horreur,
Le crime arborer les bannières
Du carnage et de la terreur?
Tu souffres qu'une horde atroce,
Et d'assassins et de brigands,
Souille de son souffle féroce
Le territoire des vivants!

Quelle est cette lenteur barbare?
Hâte-toi, peuple souverain,
De rendre aux monstres du Ténare
Tous ces buveurs de sang humain!
Guerre à tous les agents du crime!
Poursuivons-les jusqu'au trépas:
Partage l'horreur qui m'anime,
Ils ne nous échapperont pas!

Ah! qu'ils périssent, ces infâmes,
Et ces égorgueurs dévorants
Qui portent au fond de leurs âmes
Le crime et l'amour des tyrans!
Mânes plaintifs de l'innocence
Apaisez-vous dans vos tombeaux:
Le jour tardif de la vengeance
Fait enfin pâlir vos bourreaux!

Voyez déjà comme ils frémissent!
Ils n'osent fuir, les scélérats!
Les traces du sang qu'ils vomissent
Bientôt décoloreront leurs pas.
Oui, nous jurons sur votre tombe,
Par notre pays malheureux,
De ne faire qu'une hécatombe
De ces cannibales affreux.

Représentants d'un peuple juste,
O vous, législateurs humains!
De qui la contenance auguste
Fait trembler nos vils assassins,
Suivez le cours de votre gloire;
Vos noms, chers à l'humanité,
Volent au temple de mémoire,
Au sein de l'immortalité!

We now pass on to a war song, probably dating a year or two after the peace of Bâle, when France was able to turn her attention towards England. It is impossible to give a translation of it, as its chief merit lies in the wit and pun lurking almost in every line.

LA DANSE ANGLAISE.

(*Air du pas redoublé de l'Infanterie.*)

Soldats, le bal va se rouvrir,
Et vous aimez la danse,
L'Allemande vient de finir,
Mais l'Anglaise commence.
D'y figurer, tous nos Français
Seront, parbleu, bien aises,
Car ils n'aiment pas les Anglais,
Ils aiment les Anglaises.

Les Français donneront le bal:
Il sera magnifique;
L'Anglais fournira le local
Et paiera la musique.
Nous, sur le refrain des couplets
De nos rondes Françaises,
Nous ferons chanter les Anglais,
Et danser les Anglaises.

D'abord, par le pas de Calais,
On doit entrer en danse.
Le son des instruments français
Marquera la cadence;
Et comme l'Anglais ne saura
Que danser les Anglaises,
Bonaparte lui montrera
Les figures Françaises.

Allons, mes amis, le grand rond,
En avant, face-à-face!
Français, là bas, restez d'aplomb,
Anglais, changez de place!
Vous, M. Pitt, un balançoé,
Suivez la chaîne Anglaise,
Pas de côté, croisé, chassé . . .
C'est la danse Française.

The mention of Napoleon in this song, while affording a tolerably good hint as to its date, leads us on to the time when his increasing influence and power, and the ambition which stirred him to establish the empire, made it necessary for him, where he could not stifle republican feeling, at least to put down its public expression. The "Marseillaise" had been ordered to be played in the theatres by a decree of the Directory, issued on the 18th Nivôse of the year IV., that is, on the 8th of January, 1795. This decree named other songs besides the "Marseillaise," notably the "Veillons au Salut de l'Empire,"* and Chénier's "Chant du Départ."

* As this song was written in 1791, it is hardly necessary to remark that the word *empire* referred simply to the *nation*.

It also prohibited the song of "Le Réveil du Peuple," already quoted, which, by the way, must not be confounded with a later "Réveil du Peuple," by Festean, which dates only from 1848.

Till Bonaparte's accession to power the songs we have named had free course, but no sooner was he able to suppress them than they were proscribed. They have always been resuscitated on occasions of insurrection or revolution, and relegated again to obscurity when the political crises which evoked them have passed away; but they were in no respect regarded as national or patriotic songs under the first (or, for that matter, under the second) Empire. In fact a great gap exists from 1795 to 1814 in the list of French national songs. Nor is it to be wondered at. For however much the first Empire may have added to the glory of France, it tended to stifle patriotic songs. For such songs spring out of the fears and doubts, the love and devotion of a nation, and when that nation is great and prosperous, when no dangers menace and no uncertainties oppress its children, as there is no need for patriotism, so there is no audience for patriotic singers, no demand for, and no supply of, patriotic songs. When the first Napoleon fell, when the whole universe seemed leagued together against the nation with whose armies he had trampled victoriously over all Europe, then, as there were hearts to feel for him and for France, so there were singers also to lament his fall. Otherwise, we have nothing of the kind dating from the period of the Empire. This is, however, the proper place to say a word or two of what really became the Napoleonic Anthem, the song sometimes called "Romance de la Reine Hortense," but best known by its designation "Partant pour la Syrie," or rather, "Le Départ pour la Syrie." It is a mere jingle, as far as the poetry goes, of about the same class as "The Troubadour;" and, like "Vive Henri Quatre" and "Pauvre Jacques" has not a word of reference to either politics, patriotism, or loyalty; but from the circumstance of Queen Hortense, the step-daughter of the first and mother of the third Napoleon composing the air to which it was set, it obtained first the vogue of fashion and, finally, reached the character of a sort of National Anthem. We annex the words (attributed to Laborde), but they do not deserve a translation:—

PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE.
Partant pour la Syrie,
Le jeune et beau Dunois

Venait prier Marie
De bénir ses exploits:
" Faites, reine immortelle,"
Lui dit-il en partant,
" Que j'aime la plus belle
Et sois le plus vaillant."

Il trace sur la pierre
Le serment de l'honneur;
Et va suivre à la guerre
Le comte, son seigneur.
Au noble vœu fidèle,
Il dit en combattant:
" Amour à la plus belle,
Honneur au plus vaillant."

On lui doit la victoire;
" Vraiment," dit le seigneur,
" Puisque tu fais ma gloire,
Je ferai ton bonheur.
De ma fille Isabelle
Sois l'époux à l'instant,
Car elle est la plus belle
Et toi le plus vaillant."

A l'autel de Marie
Ils contractent tous deux,
Cette union chérie
Qui seule rend heureux.
Chacun dans la chapelle
Disait en les voyant,
" Amour à la plus belle,
Honneur au plus vaillant."

Among the song-writers, after the fall of the First Napoleon, Béranger unquestionably holds the first place, not merely because he sang with such affectionate appreciation of the lost glory of the Empire, but because his songs are in themselves essentially poetical. Having, however, spoken at length of Béranger himself, and given numerous specimens of his songs in an earlier volume of this Review,* we now pass on to Émile Debreaux, another of the most popular minstrels of the period from the Restoration to 1830, to help the sale of whose works, on behalf of a young widow and orphans, Béranger wrote the "Chanson-Prospectus," which is one of the most feeling and touching of his works. Debreaux died in 1831, at the age of only thirty-three. He was author of a surprising number of songs of all kinds, so many that Béranger could say of them in the "Chanson-Prospectus,"—

Sez gais refrains vous égalent en nombre,
Fleurs d'acacia qu'éparpilent les vents.

Of those specially referring to the lost glories of the Empire we may mention such songs as "La Colonne," "La Redingote Grise," "Le Mont St. Jean," "Sainte-Hélène, &c. To these we must add his

* See Vol. xli. p. 461, seq.

splendid soldier's song "Fanfan la Tulipe," which its great length prevents us from putting before our readers. His "Soldat, t'en souviens tu" is universally known; a copy of it lies before us as we write, in the muddy, trampled, tattered leaves of the repertoire of some *Café Chantant*, picked

up as a piteous relic on the battlefield of *Sédan*.

We must content ourselves with giving but one specimen from *Debreux*, as it leads us to another branch of our subject, the songs of the Conscription, but we can only find room for the first four stanzas:

• LE CONSCRIPT.

J'avais à peine dix-huit ans
Qu'èxempt de chagrin et d'affaire,
Gaiement je consacrais mon temps
A boire, à dormir, à rien faire;
Un beau jour survint une loi
Qui m'envoie au bout de la terre
Batailler pour je ne sais quoi:
Avez-vous jamais vu la guerre?

La souveraine du Brabant
Prétendait avec hardiesse
Avoir le pied plus élégant
Que le pied de notre princesse:
Pour soutenir des droits si beaux,
On rangea, grâce au ministère,
Cent mille hommes sous les drapeaux:
Avez-vous jamais vu la guerre?

J'avais le regard louché et faux,
J'avais les jambes non pareilles;
On ferma l'œil sur mes défauts,
On me promit monts et merveilles.
De moi, que rendait tout blasard
Le bruit du canon, du tonnerre,
On prétendit faire un César:
Avez-vous jamais vu la guerre?

Amis, l'agréable métier
Que le noble métier des armes!
Le diable au fond d'un bénitier,
Trouverait, je crois, plus de charmes.
Doux navets, tendres haricots,
Bon pain noir, excellente eau claire,
Voilà le festin des héros:
Avez-vous jamais vu la guerre?

The following, on the same subject, is by the brothers Cogniard:

LES CONSCRIPTS MONTAGNARDS.

Partant avec courage
Deux conscrits montagnards,
Jetaient vers le village
De douloureux regards
Beau pays que voilà,
Leur amour était là!
Ah!
Il n'est pas de royaume,
Pas de séjour,
Qui vaille un toit de chaume
Où l'on reçut le jour.

Au milieu de la ville,
Et du luxe et de l'or,
Songeant à leur asile
Ils répétaien encor:
Grand' ville que voilà
Le bonheur n'est pas là!
Ah!

THE CONSCRIPT.

When I was a lad of eighteen,

With no cares to compel me to think,

I had nothing to do but to spend

My time in sleep, eating, and drink,

Till one fine day a law must be passed

Which could send me to earth's farthest end

To fight for the mischief knows what.—

Were you ever a soldier, my friend?

It appears that the queen of Brabant

The opinion was bold to express

That her own was a prettier foot

Than the foot of our native princess.

The rights thus assailed to uphold

Five score thousand poor lads must contend,

So we 'neath the flag were enrolled,—

Were you ever a soldier, my friend?

My eyes were both squinting and crooked,

My legs never matched as I walked,

All defects the inspectors o'erlooked;

Of my wonderful prospects they talked;

And I, whom the sound of a shot

Almost out of my senses would send,

They vowed should a marshal become.—

Were you ever a soldier, my friend?

O, my lads, what a happy pursuit

Is the noble profession of arms!

Why, Old Nick, I believe, at the foot

Of a church-font would find greater charms.

Raw turnips and haricot beans,

Prime cold water, black bread without end,

Make a banquet for heroes to feast.—

Were you ever a soldier, my friend?

THE CONSCRIPT MOUNTAINEERS.

Two mountaineers marched

For the honour of France,

Casting back to their village

A sorrowful glance,

Full heavy at heart

From their sweet home to part.

"O there's never a kingdom

Nor realm upon earth

To compare with the cottage

That sheltered our birth."

All the wealth of the city

To change them was vain;

They repeated their ditty

Again and again:

"Though the city be fair

There's no happiness there;

Il n'est pas de royaume,
Pas de séjour,
Qui vaille un toit de chaume
Où l'on reçut le jour.

Mais quittant leur bannière,
Un jour, libres, joyeux,
Revoyant leur chaumière,
Ils s'écriaient tous deux:
Beau pays que voilà,
Tout notre amour est là!
Ah!
Il n'est pas de royaume
Pas de séjour,
Qui vaille un toit de chaume
Où l'on reçut le jour.

The best known conscript's song is the one with the *Languedo* burden in the first verse, which cannot be omitted, though without the music it is nearly naught:—

LE DEPART DU CONSCRIT.

Je suis un pauvre conscrit
De l'an mil huit cent dix; (bis.)
Faut quitter le Languedo,
Le Languedo, le Languedo,
Oh!
Faut quitter le Languedo,
Avec le sac sur le dos.

L'maire, et aussi le préfet
N'en sont deux jolis cadets; (bis.)
Ils nous font tiré z'au sort,
Tiré z'au sort, tiré z'au sort,
Or;
Ils nous font tiré z'au sort
Pour nous conduir' z'à la mort:

Adieu donc, mes chers parents,
N'oubliez pas votre enfant; (bis.)
Crivés li de temps en temps
De temps en temps, de temps en temps,
En:
Crivés li de temps en temps
Pour lui envoyer de l'argent.

Adieu donc, chères beautés,
Dont nos coeurs son' z'enchantés; (bis.)

For there's never a kingdom
Nor realm upon earth
To compare with the cottage
That sheltered our birth.

At length, from their service
Released, they espied
Once more their dear dwelling,
And joyously cried:
" Sweet home, in our thought
Thou hast ne'er been forgot;
For there's never a kingdom
Nor realm upon earth
To compare with the cottage
Which sheltered our birth."

Ne pleurés point not' départ,
Not' départ, not' départ,
Art!

Ne pleurés point not' départ,
Nous reviendrons tôt z'ou tard.

Adieu donc, mon tendre cœur,
Vous consolerés ma sœur; (bis.)
Vous y dirés que Fanfan,
Que Fanfan, que Fanfan,
An:

Vous y dirés que Fanfan
Il est mort z'en combattant.

Qui qu'a fait cette chanson,
N'en sont trois jolis garçons;
Ils étiont faiseux de bis,
Faiseux de bas, faiseux de bas,
Ah!

Ils étiont faiseux de bas,
Et à c't'heure ils sont soldats.

We must now turn from these conscript songs to some of the historical ones which have sprung out of the later crises in the destinies of France. As representative of the Revolution of 1830 we may take the "Parisienne," by Casimir Delavigne, which is, however, a feeble imitation of the "Marseillaise." The first two stanzas will give a sufficient idea of the whole;—

LA PARISIENNE.

1830.

Peuple français, peuple de braves,
La liberté rouvre ses bras;
On nous disait: soyez esclaves,
Nous avons dit: soyez soldats.
Soudain Paris dans sa mémoire
A retrouvé son cri de gloire:
En avant, marchons,
Contre leurs canons;
A travers le fer, le feu des bataillons
Courons à la victoire.

Serrez vos rangs, qu'on se soutienne!
Marchons! chaque enfant de Paris,
De sa cartouche citoyenne
Fait une offrande à son pays.

Great Liberty, ye Frenchmen brave,
Again her arms hath spread;
And tyrants find who seek a slave
A warrior instead.
And Paris, swift of memory,
Shouts once again the glorious cry:
March, Gallia's sons
'Gainst hostile guns,
Past fire, and steel, and battery peal,
On, on, to Victory.

Close, close the ranks! and scatter not,
Each child of Paris come,
And fire, each citizen, his shot,
As duty to his home.

O jours d'éternelle mémoire!
Paris n'a plus qu'un cri de gloire:
En avant, etc.

On the outbreak of the Revolution of 1848, the old revolutionary and patriotic songs came again into vogue, and excited the rapturous enthusiasm of a generation which had almost forgotten their very sound. But along with the older ones, such as the "Marseillaise," the "Chant du Départ," and others already noticed, a new one took a place of great prominence. This was the "Song of the Girondins," by Dumas and Maquet, written in 1847, and more generally known, at least in England, by the words of its refrain —

"Mourir pour la patrie!
C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie."

As was the case with many other songs, a great part of the success of this must be attributed to its music, composed by Varney; for the words, consisting of two stanzas, taken from a play entitled "Le Chevalier de la Maison-Rouge," are of really second-rate importance, while the chorus is taken bodily from a far better song, by a far greater singer, Rouget de l'Isle, the author of the "Marseillaise," who employed it as the burden to each stanza of his "Roland à Roncevaux."

Besides the "Song of the Girondins" the Revolution of 1848 gave birth, as may be supposed, to a number of others, such as Felix Mouttet's "Hymne aux Paysans," Albert Blanquet's "Citoyenne," the quaint and original "Vote Universel" by E. Pottier, a working man, and many more. The "Chant des Ouvriers" by Pierre Dupont, though written earlier, owes its great popularity to this particular period; it is, however, only the song of a class, and expresses a discontent of the most illogical sort; but it has a tendency very unusual in songs of the kind, to disownance war. We give the last stanza, in

LE RHIN ALLEMAND.

Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin Allemand:
Il a tenu dans notre verre
Un couplet qu'on s'en va chantant
Efface-t-il la trace altière
Du pied de nos chevaux marqués dans votre
sang?

Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin Allemand:
Son sein porte une plaie ouverte
Du jour où Condé triomphant
A déchiré sa robe verte.
Ou le père a passé, passera bien l'enfant.

O days of deathless memory!
When all adopt one battle-cry,
March, Gallia's sons,
'Gainst hostile guns, &c.

which both assertion and moral are unexceptional: —

A chaque fois que par torrents
Notre sang coule sur le monde;
C'est toujours pour quelques tyrans
Que cette rosée est feconde;
Ménageons-le dorénavant,
L'amour est plus fort que la guerre,
En attendant qu'un meilleur vent
Souffle du ciel ou de la terre.

The history of the present terrible war leads our attention to French patriotic songs of a different class from many of those we have been considering, namely to songs springing from the circumstances of foreign conflict rather than from those of internal politics or domestic revolutions. To this class belongs, in the first place, De Musset's "German Rhine," written as long ago as 1841, in answer to Niklas Becker's German song on the same subject ("Sie sollen ihn nicht haben"). We have purposely kept back this song, notwithstanding its precedence in date to those of 1848, till dealing with songs of the present time, since it is the present time which has given it its importance. It is said, and we believe with truth, to have been little more than an improvisation, or, at least, to have occupied only an hour or two in its production, and to have been elicited by a sort of challenge, in a company, to any one to answer in a fitting manner Becker's song which had just then become popular in Germany. The original of Becker's, with a translation, appeared in the previous number of this "Review,"* so that our readers, if desirous, may compare it with De Musset's answer, which, if rather erring in contempt of tone, is notwithstanding, full of *verve* and spirit: —

THE GERMAN RHINE.

We have had it already, your German Rhine,
We have held it in our sway;
Can the singing so loud of a trifling line
Wipe the proud deep mark away
Which our horsehoofs trod in your gore-wet
clay?

We have had it already, your German Rhine;
In its breast still bare to view,
Is the wound where Condé's bursting mine
Tore its verdant vesture through;
Where the sirens have passed shall the sons pass
too.

* See "Quarterly Review," vol. cxviii., p. 502.

Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin Allemand:
 Que faisaient vos vertus germaines,
 Quand notre César tout puissant
 De son ombre couvrait vos plaines?
 Où donc est-il tombé ce dernier ossement?

Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin Allemand:
 Si vous oubliez votre histoire,
 Vos jeunes filles, sûrement,
 Ont mieux gardé notre mémoire:
 Elles nous ont versé votre petit vin blanc.

S'il est à vous, votre Rhin Allemand,
 Lavez-y donc votre livrée;
 Mais parlez-en moins fièrement.
 Combien, au jour de la curée,
 Etiez vous de corbeaux contre l'aigle expirant?

Qu'il coule en paix, votre Rhin Allemand;
 Que vos cathédrales gothiques
 S'y reflètent modestement;
 Mais craignez que vos airs bacchiques
 Ne réveillent les morts de leur repos sanglant.

Hitherto the present war has produced few songs in France. Since Sedan her gallant children have had no time for aught but effort, their panting breasts no breath to spare for aught but the one repeated cry, "To arms!" All honour to them if, in their anguish and suffering they realize, beyond the power of song to utter, the claims of their unhappy country, and if it be from this cause that "*Les Français ont cessé de chanter*," as one of themselves has said! Moreover there is a practical difficulty in obtaining any song sprung

C'EST NOTRE TOUR.

"En route."

C'est notre tour, déployons nos bannières;
 Roulez, tambours, guidez nous aux combats,
 Battez gairement une marche guerrière;
 La République a besoin des soldats!
 Pour son salut il faut des braves,
 Tels qu'elle en vit aux anciens jours;
 Oui, des lions, de vrais Zouaves;
 C'est notre tour, c'est notre tour!

"Au Bivouac."

Sonnez, clairons! le grand fleuve en son ombre
 De nos bivouacs a refléchi les feux!
 Chez nous, là-bas, sans doute en la nuit sombre
 Au ciel pour nous sont montés bien des vœux.
 Oui! nous veillons sur toi, Patrie,
 Ramparts vivants, nous te couvrons!
 Dieu voit qui veille, entend qui prie,
 Sonnez, clairons, sonnez, clairons!

We have had it already, your German Rhine.
 But where was your valour bright,
 When our mighty César's battle line
 Covered all your plains with night?
 And where did he fall, that king of fight?

We have had it already, your German Rhine!
 And if you have forgotten the letter
 Of history, your maidens, I opine,
 Who filled our cups with your thin white
 wine,
 Have remembered our presence better.

Yet if the German Rhine be your own,
 Let it wash your livery clothes,
 But speak in a little less haughty tone:
 For how many were ye, ye carrion crows,
 When our eagle maimed fell 'neath your blows?

Let it flow in peace, your German Rhine,
 Let the Gothic fanes you prize
 In its calm reflection shine;
 But beware lest your vain pot-valiant cries,
 From their gory graves make the brave dead
 rise.

from the present time. The best appear to be "Le Rhin Français" by Armand Silvestre, "A la Frontière," by Jules Frey, and "C'est notre Tour;" the last of which we subjoin, as it is probably new to our readers; its internal evidence shows it to have been produced subsequently to the disaster of Sedan and the proclamation of the Republic. It is published anonymously, and dedicated "by a friend" to the "Gardes Nationaux Mobilisés" of the Maritime Alps:—

OUR TURN HAS COME.

On the March.

Up with the flag, for our summons has come,
 Swiftly and far-spread our country's wide
 call;
 Beat the brave battle-march loud on the drum,
 Up! the Republic has need of us all.
 Brave sons she needeth to save her from falling,
 Sons such as saved her in battles gone by;
 Lions of valour, speed, speed to her calling.
 "Our time is come" be our rallying cry.

At the Bivouac.

Sound, bugles, sound! The wide river deep-flowing
 Reflects the bright glare of our bivouac red.
 At home, far away, while the darkness was
 growing,
 Full many a prayer for us skywards hath
 sped.
 We are watching, O dear native land, for thy
 sake;
 Our hearts, living rampart, environ thee
 round:
 God hears those who pray, and God sees those
 who wake.
 Sound, bugles, sound! sound, bugles, sound!

"Au Drapeau."

Floitez, drapeaux! étendards héroïques,
Où nos aieux ont inscrit maint beau nom:
Astres glorieux de notre République,
Hoche, Marceaux, Dumouriez, et Randon.
Sous vos couleurs, saintes bannières,
Ont combattu tous ces héros.
Les fils seront dignes des pères:
Floitez, drapeaux, floitez, drapeaux!

"Au combat."

Tonnez, canons, voici la rouge aurore,
Au champ d'honneur les moissons vont
s'ouvrir,
Jusqu'à la nuit, fauchez, fauchez encore,
O! mitrailleurs, s'arrêter c'est mourir.
Hourrah! poussons le cri de guerre:
Et puis chargeons et foudroyons;
Pour voix la foudre a le tonnerre.
Tonnez, canons, tonnez, canons!

"La Victoire."

Du Dieu du Ciel, auteur de notre gloire,
Prompts messagers, portez-en les signaux:
Que pour l'Europe nos cris de victoire,
Soient un reproche, d'échos en échos!
France, salut! terre affranchie;
D'un peuple fier, sérieux Réveil,
Qui désormais, tout genou plie
Au Dieu du Ciel, au Dieu du Ciel.

"Au Retour."

Chants du pays, à notre âme ravie,
Vous apportez les accents du bonheur.
Pays, sois fier! tu nous donnas la vie,
Nous la donnions pour garder ton honneur.
Côteaux charmants, rive connue,
Nous revoyons vos bords chérissés:
Souhaitez nous la bienvenue,
Chants du pays, chants du pays.

We can conclude with no better aspirations than the last four lines contain, and with the fervent hope that the gallant

Round the Standards.

Wave, banners, wave; ye proud standards of
glory,
Bright with the names of our sires long ago,
Far-shining stars of republican glory,
Randon, Dumouriez, Hoche, and Marceau.
Under your folds, holy standards, they fought,
Bold for their country those warriors brave;
Unworthy the sire shall the sons ne'er be
thought,
Wave, banners, wave! wave, banners, wave!

In the Battle.

Crash, cannons, crash; spread the red dawn be-
fore us,
The battle-field, ripe to the harvest is nigh;
Mow, mitrailleurs, till the night gather o'er us,
Mow, and mow on, for to cease is to die.
Hurrah! The fierce battle-cry loudly we raise
As down on the foemen like lightning we
dash,
The thunder's fit voice for the swift lightning's
blaze.
So crash, cannon, crash! crash, cannon,
crash!

The Victory.

From Heaven above, whence all glory descends,
Let the proud tidings swift through the uni-
verse fly,
Whilst for Europe the shout of our victory blends
With reproach, as the echoes to echoes reply.
Hail to thee, France! land delivered once more;
A waking to good may this wakening prove,
And knees bend oft now which bent rarely be-
fore
To Heaven above, to Heaven above.

The Return.

Songs of our home, as we come from the strife,
How sweet to our souls must your glad ac-
cents be!
Be proud, thou dear land, thou who gavest us
life,
That gladly we staked it for honour and thee.
Beautiful mountains, bright river and plain,
Back to your borders beloved we come;
Meet us with welcome, returning again,
Songs of our home, songs of our home.

efforts, which the French are now making to drive the invaders from their soil, may lead to a lasting peace.

SCIENCE has derived many wrinkles from the siege of Paris, and we now learn from the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* that all the galleries of the Louvre are filled with sacks of earth to protect the interior from shells; and the damp and comparative warmth of the last few days have provoked active vegetation, so

that the bags are covered with grass and weeds; each window is converted into a lively and promising garden. If the arrangement is left undisturbed much longer, we shall have flower beds there. This is certainly a novel kind of window-gardening, which we have no desire to see introduced into this country.

From Chambers' Journal.
AT THE MORGANS'.
 IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

AESTHETIC scruples are hardly for the engineer. He is bound to consider the practical rather than the picturesque. It certainly did seem rather cruel to pierce and scar so beautiful a country; choking up valleys with embankments, flinging hideous iron-ways over streams and rivers, cutting a deep trench in *this* high land, boring a great hole through *that*; hammering down our rails all over the face of the landscape, quite regardless of the inconvenience and the disfigurement we inflicted upon its best features. But peace, as well as war, has its devastations. At any rate, it was not my affair: I was only a junior engineer in the service of the company, bound to carry out my instructions, and regard its interests to the best of my ability. I was not a native of the place; and if I had been, it would not have made much difference. The natives themselves did not care. The beauties of the neighbourhood were all very well, they argued. Visitors came to gaze at and admire them, and, as a consequence, spent money thereabout. Wouldn't the railway bring more visitors? If it didn't—by reason of the views being spoiled, of the country being hacked and hewn about, and ruined for artistic and picturesque purposes—what then? Flannels and farm produce would find more markets and better prices, thanks to the rail; and flannels and farm produce were, after all, of more value to the district than visitors and the good looks that attracted them. "And you know they were mostly artists," people said, with something of a sneer, and a depreciative shrug of the shoulders, implying that the art-world was frugal in its habits, and heedful as to its expenditure. So the railway works proceeded, and were favourably regarded by the whole country side. The scheme had "floated," the shares had been taken up, surveys had been made, the line staked out. An imposing ceremony, of which the local papers made a great deal, and the press generally overlooked altogether, had signalized the commencement of operations. A veteran nobleman—a lord-lieutenant—of whose existence I had been, until then, profoundly ignorant, had "turned the first sod," employing a silver spade and a French-polished wheel-barrow on the occasion, amid considerable excitement and applause; and the usual allowance of dry

speeches and sparkling wine had celebrated the imposing event.

"I suppose you'll be for moving on soon to Llanberis?"

"Yes; in a day or two. We've about finished our earthworks here."

"You'll find Llanberis a wildish place. A few hovels: not much more than that."

My interlocutor was my good friend Dr. Jenkins, who had been appointed the local medical attendant of the railway company's officers and work-people. His aspect was by no means that of the conventional practitioner. He affected no glossy suit of superfine black broadcloth; no dainty white cravat; no golden chronometer of perfect accuracy and workmanship, wherewith to note and time the pulses of his patients. He seemed to disdain such outward shows of his calling. He held, perhaps, that inasmuch as good wine needs no bush, so a worthy doctor requires not public advertising of his professional merits. Besides, he was the only medical man for miles round. He was quite the autocrat of physic in that portion of the principality; so he dressed as he pleased—in a rough Welsh frieze suit of hoddin gray, with yellow brown gaiters reaching up from his ankles to his knees; a wide-awake hat, with a broad brim, crowning him, and sheltering his ruddy, weather-beaten, grizzle-bearded face. His watch was of silver, and of warming-pan dimensions. At times, he had more the air of an Australian digger than of a Cambrian doctor. "Ours is a moist climate," he would say; and thereupon he would equip himself in quite an armour of Mackintosh, covering his whole figure, and don a "sou-wester" with a fan-tail of inordinate length to carry off the wet. He travelled long distances, for his patients were much scattered over an extensive area. With the aid of his strong-limbed, sure-footed, shaggy bay pony, however, he managed to visit them, and attend to their ailments with considerable regularity. The pony, I may mention, was, as a matter of proportion, many sizes too small for its rider, whose long legs dangled over the flanks of the little animal with a curious look of surplusage of limb, nearly trailing upon the ground, like some kind of redundant trappings. It almost seemed that if the doctor would only stand quite upright, his steed might trot away from beneath him, and leave him secure upon his feet. But the pony was of sturdy and enduring nature, never appeared oppressed by his elongated burden, was quite up to the doctor's weight, and was never so

happy as when permitted to gallop his fastest. From quite long distances one could always discern that it was the doctor, and no other equestrian, that was approaching. There was no mistaking his yellow gaitered legs, his flapping waterproof, and his diminutive pony. "Looks like a split cane on horseback," the country people said with the critical frankness of their nature. Yet he was welcome, let him hie where he would. He ever brought cure, or, failing that, comfort to his patients. The utmost confidence in his skill prevailed on all sides. Even in those desperate cases to which the tombstones refer when they state, in regard to this or that defunct, that "physicians were in vain," it was universally admitted that Dr. Jenkins had done all that could be done, and that no blame attached to him that a greater Physician had interfered to negative his curative efforts, and stay for ever the patient's suffering.

"I'm rough and short with them, you may think," he said to me one day apologetically; "but they understand me. I know what's the matter with them better than they can tell me. They're not used to illness; I am. I might be all day long with them, if I were to listen to all they've got to say to me. They're dreadful hands at beating about the bush are village patients. They can't go straight to the point; so I go to it for them. And it's a simple business, for the most part. Pill, and draught, and embrocation, with obstetrics, of course; ague, rheumatism, and delirium tremens, a little too often (all surgical cases of any importance go to the county infirmary); and children's disorders, of course, in plenty. That's my practice, spread over miles of country; no staying long with any one, or I should never get home — except in urgent cases." For all his saying this, and his certainly rather curt, bluff, though always good-humoured manner, I happened to know that he spared no pains or sacrifices in his attendance upon his poorer patients. His life was one of hard work, and constant exposure to all sorts of weather. He spent days and nights in the saddle; he took his meals just whenever he could get them; he sat for hours together by sick-beds in squalid dwellings miles away from his home. He was the incessant thrall of his calling. It was little wonder the good doctor was highly prized by all the country side.

I had made friends with him at once; besides, we had both enlisted under the standard of the railway company. Our

undertaking had brought some hundreds of navvies under his care, enhancing his professional profits, no doubt, but considerably augmenting his labour and responsibilities.

In rural regions, the stranger always turns for social help to the parson and the doctor. He generally succeeds with both, but he rarely indeed fails with the latter. With Dr. Jenkins I was soon on a friendly footing. He spared no pains to render my sojourn in his neighbourhood as pleasant as might be, and interested himself greatly in considering my comfort when the progress of the railway works should carry me away farther down the line, rather out of the circuit of his practice.

"I hardly know what you'll do for lodgings at Llanberig. There's no room in the cottages, and, at the best, they're hardly fit for pigs; the worst cottages about here, by far. That estate is in Chancery, you see — been there for years — and every building on it is falling to pieces: not a nail been driven in, nor a touch of paint or whitewash put on it, for I don't know how long. You can't stay there, that's certain; yet it's a long distance to be coming back here every night. There's a short cut over the hills; but it's a mere sheep-walk. That's the way I go, of course: but you'll be safe to miss it, especially at night with the mist rising. And we shall have bad weather upon us soon. You think it's been bad already, because you've got wet a few times; but, bless you, it's nothing to what we shall have to look for by-and-by. I wonder" — he spoke with a curious musing air, tugging at his grizzled beard the while — "I wonder how you'd get on at Plas" —

Plas — something: I couldn't quite catch what he said. Indeed, I may own at once, that I never really mastered the word, it was so encumbered with difficulties of pronunciation."

"Where's that?" I inquired.

"It's right away beyond Llanberig, a couple of miles perhaps. A small farm; it belongs to the Morgans — Evan and Griff, brothers — they're patients of mine. It's their own freehold; a tidy little bit of land. But they're queer folk, I don't mind saying." It seemed to me that he eyed me rather curiously as he said this. "If room could be found for you there, I don't know that you could do better. You might be comfortable enough there. Still, they're queer folk, as I said. I hardly know what to think about it. I must turn it over in my mind. It's clear you can't be coming back here every day; the loss

of time would be too great; even if you come on the tramway, along with the navvies; for some of them *must* come back here of nights, I take it. Rough it as they may, Llanberis won't hold them all. Something we must do for you. I'll try and include the Morgans in my round to-morrow, and see if anything can be managed.—Good-bye. Come, *Peter*."

Peter was the pony. The doctor pressed, not his heels, but quite the upper part of the calves of his legs against *Peter*'s sides, and clattered away.

My friend informed me, a day or two later, that I could, if I pleased, have house-room at the Morgans' while the railway works were in progress at Llanberis. The terms proposed were on the most moderate scale.

"I don't know about a sitting-room," said the doctor; "but you're out such long hours, that probably you won't want much more than a bed-room. In any case, there's a capital old-fashioned kitchen, and they boast a parlour for state occasions; so, I daresay, the old fellows won't trouble you with more of their society than you'll care to have. They're early birds, and by the time you get done with your navvies for the day, they'll be thinking of going to roost. There's an old housekeeper body attends to them, and, in a simple way, she's a very tidy hand at cooking. She'll take care you don't go to bed supperless, at any rate. Eggs and bacon, or toasted cheese, you may always count upon; and I can recommend their beer. I always beg a mug of it when I go round their way. I don't doubt they'll make you comfortable: they seemed quite pleased at the notion of having a visitor. They're a bit queer, as I told you; but they're kindly folk. I've known them this many a long year. They grow a little ailing and feeble now, for they must be close on to seventy, both of them. They're twin brothers, you know. Rely upon it they mean well, and humour them if things should seem going a bit cross. But you'll be good-tempered and forbearing, I know, and get on with them all right. There's not a morsel of harm in them; and as for roughing it, you'll have to put up with worse quarters than the Morgans', I take it, before you finish this blessed line of yours."

"Of ours," I corrected him.

"Well, of ours, though mine's but a small stake in the affair: I'm only the medical officer of this portion of the works, and you'll be all out of my hands very shortly. A little dysentery, one broken arm, and a few cuts and bruises, that's

about the sum of my practice among your people. How you're ever going to make the line pay, I don't know. But that's no affair of mine, nor yours, I suppose: I'm not a shareholder."

"You should read the evidence before the Parliamentary Committee," I said. "It was clearly shown that the railway was most urgently required; that the country was almost perishing for want of it; that the passenger traffic alone was of an enormous kind; that the demand of the markets for flannel, farm produce, coal, slate, slag, marl"—

"I know all about that," he interrupted, laughing. "JeO B spells job."

"Why, this is treason, doctor," I said.

"Mind you, I don't say this to everybody. But I can't help having an opinion — a private one. Of course it's your business to push your lines wherever you can. Steam and iron, that's the engineer's motto; and you—I don't mean you particularly, but your calling generally—would as soon tunnel through your fathers' graves as look at them. However, you have done something for the doctors — a good deal, in fact. But for you, we should have had no railway accidents."

The Morgans' farm was of no great extent, and was certainly very poorly cultivated. The house was substantially built of stone — stone was cheap in the neighbourhood — and apparently of ancient date. It was a picturesque-looking old place, of irregular design, with casement windows, tall carved chimneys, and becoming patches of ivy, moss, and lichen on the walls. The rooms were few, and of low pitch, but otherwise spacious enough. You entered by the kitchen, one side of which was occupied by a roomy old-fashioned projecting fireplace, with most capacious chimney-corners. A staircase, with heavy balusters of shining black oak, led to the upper rooms. Opposite the two deep sunken windows a door gave entrance to a parlour, sufficiently well furnished with heavy black leatheren chairs, and a circular solid oaken table. The carpet, curtains, and covers, though of good material originally, were much worn and faded. Time seemed to have rubbed all gloss from them, and dimmed all their colours to a sort of dim gray. There was a look of age upon every article in the house. The kitchen, however, was bright with polished saucepan lids, hung on the walls like shields, which caught fitful red reflections from the fire, and gleamed in quite a meteoric way. A comely-looking old woman, in a speckled print-dress, was

busy in the chimney, a profuse frilled cap surrounding her worn tanned withered face, like a sort of close substantial halo of cambric. The parlour windows looked on to a wild garden, in which fruit and flowers of a common kind jostled each other, and crowded together in most indiscriminate fashion. Poultry clucked and trooped in all directions, the elder hens of the family moving with that strictness of deportment, that dainty carriage and management of their stalk-like legs, and that suspicious vivid eying of their surroundings, as though in fierce search of hostile criticism, which are characteristic of their tribe. Majestic cocks, holding their scarlet crests high aloft, and their tails quite soaring fountains of green and purple plumage, possessed apparently by their old delusion, that the world was made for them, and them only, strutted hither and thither in burlesque majesty—the very lord mayors of the feathered family; and detachments of glistening white ducks, unconscious of waddling, drawn up in close order, went through military manoeuvres with a precision that encouraged belief that strategy, and not fatuity, was at the bottom of their proceedings.

I first made the acquaintance of Griff Morgan. Griffith was his proper designation. He was a little thin old man, rather round in the shoulders, his chin drooping on to his breast. His iron-gray hair was clipped pretty closely to his head; and he had a habit of frequently smoothing it with the palm of his hand, apparently with the object of coaxing it to cover his brow as much as possible. His face was deeply wrinkled, and coloured a rich red brown, from exposure to sun and wind; but his features were delicately formed. His expression was one of vivacious kindness. He was clean shaven, not permitting himself the smallest scrap of whisker; and, altogether, he struck me as being a very nice-looking old fellow. He had the bright dark hazel eyes which seem peculiar to Wales; and he spoke with that crisp, distinct, if rather jerky articulation, which distinguishes the locution of the principality. There is something, I think, attractive to the ear in the treble *staccato* of the Welsh accent, though it may not boast the rich rolling music of Irish brogue, or the sonorous drone of Caledonian speech. Griff Morgan's appearance was very trim and clean, though his dress was only that of a farm-labourer in fairly prosperous circumstances. He wore a corduroy suit—except that his waistcoat was of brindled

cow-skin—yellow gaiters, and a red cotton kerchief round his neck. He took high-dried snuff—so pale in colour, that it looked rather like powdered ginger—from a screw of paper, which he held habitually in his left hand.

"I'm sorry my brother Davy is not in for to greet you, sir," he said. "Davy has lived more in the world than I have, and knows more what's fitting for to be said and done on these occasions; but, be sure, in our humble way, we'll do all that may be done for to make you comfortable. Becky yonder has seen to your room; and she's not one for to spare pains. So you come from London, I hear, about these new railway works. Do think of that now!—all the way from London, and I've never been there once in my life, though Davy has oftentimes. And your line just scrapes our land, but doesn't hurt us. I never thought, though, to see steam-engines and that coming so close. Well, I'll suppose it's for the best, though they make a main screaming and a 'mazing noise do the steam-engines. But, I take it, I'll be like the kine, and mind them very little after the first start. And how do you like our country, sir? There's ale handy, if you'll take a drink. I would Davy were here. He's out about some garden-seeds, I trow. I leave the garden to his care. He's not fit for farm-work, so that falls to me; and the farm's doing fairly, considering the times, which are hard upon farmers; and labour's gone up in price since the railway folk have come this way. The young men quit their ploughs to handle a shovel on the line, and it's difficult now for to get the land properly tilled. Well, well, maybe the farm will give substance to Davy and me so long as we need it. It won't be very long, perhaps; but that's in God's hands. The folks that come after us, they're but distant kin; for Davy and me have neither chick nor child. We're been single all our lives, though Davy did once think of a wife; but it was not to be. Better for him so, perhaps. The folks that come after us must do what they can and list with the old place. It's been a sight of years in the Morgans' keeping. It will be Morgans' still, no doubt; but not very near blood-kin to us. I wonder where Davy's biding. Poor Davy's ailing, and I'm loath to have him long out of my sight. He was in the wine-trade over at Cardiff, was Davy; but his—his health gave way, and so I got him home, to care for him and look after him. Take the will for the deed, will you kindly, sir, should you find things not quite to your mind. If they can

be mended, they shall be. We're but poor old folk, when all's said for us; but we're willing, I do assure you; and we're honoured by your coming under the old roof. We'll do what we may for you. Becky will carry up your trunk—portmankers I think they're called. Becky's an old body, but she has her strength and her wits about her yet. Heaven be praised!—Haven't you, Becky?—Yon's the way, sir, up the stairs. Your room's to the right. It looks on to the garden—a pretty prospect, I always think. Say a kind word for it, sir, if you can, and you'll give a world of pleasure to poor Davy; for the garden's all his work and contrivance; at least”—this was said with quaint cunning and a sly nod—“at least he thinks it is.”

It was impossible to resist the charm of the old man's homely courtesy and simple cheeriness of manner. There was good faith in his every word and movement. For the “queerness” of which the doctor had spoken, I saw nothing of it, unless his old-fashioned reverence of men, and extreme anxiety to please, were to be accounted queer.

The bedroom was over the parlour, and was quite a paradise of white dimity, fragrant with the scent of lavender. The four-post bedstead was palatial in size and ornate carving. The view of the garden from the windows was, to one not very critical about floricultural precisionness, simply delightful—wild and undisciplined it might be, but radiant with colour, and rich in sweet savours. Paths were hardly discernible, from the trailing of the plants, and the overflowing of the old-fashioned flower-beds.

A few hours later, and I encountered Davy Morgan. I was at once struck by his strong resemblance to his brother. It would hardly have been possible to know them apart. The one was a facsimile of the other—in feature, figure, stature, and voice. Davy's attire, however, was of a less rustic pattern than Griff's; and in movement, I perceived that he affected more deliberation and dignity. He wore the chimney-pot hat of town life; a black frock-coat, somewhat rusty and napless, but not without a pretence to fashion in its make; and was evidently particular about the due whiteness and rigidity of his shirt-collars. He made me a profound bow as he said: “I bid you welcome, sir. I regret that I should have been absent at the time of your arrival. I hardly looked for your coming so early. I pray you to forgive my seeming remissness. We are much flattered by your making our house

your abode during your engagement upon those engineering works destined to contribute so greatly, I do not doubt, to the advantage of our country. Things are not so prosperous with us as they once were, but we will try hard that you shall have no fault to find with the hospitality of Wales. You will kindly excuse any deficiency you may have noticed in regard to my brother. Griff is a little rough in his ways, perhaps; he has been occupied all his life in cultivating our farm, and agricultural pursuits, I think, do not tend to the softening and refinement of manners. But poor Griff means well, I may say that for him. He grows old and a trifle infirm, perhaps. He's by no means the man he was, and his state needs some indulgence: you will kindly excuse him; he's”

Mr. Davy was here interrupted by Becky, who spoke to him in Welsh. I could only guess that she intimated to him the fact that his supper was ready for him in the kitchen. He seemed annoyed at her coming, and spoke to her rather sharply, I thought. Still he discontinued his speech to me. With a low bow, he quitted me, and followed Becky. I soon found that old Becky exercised considerable authority over the household, and that, upon the whole, the brothers submitted to her rule with tolerable readiness.

Early in the morning, I was awakened by a curious buzzing sound in the room beneath. I lay for some time listening, wondering what this might be. I ascertained in due course: the brothers were in the habit of reading aloud every morning a chapter of the Welsh Testament. They read the verses alternately, but their voices were so much alike, that it was some time before I was quite aware of the fact. It seemed to me that they rarely entered the parlour except for the observance of this religious duty.

From my bedroom window I could see Davy very frequently at work in the garden. His labours, however, were not of a very severe kind—he gathered fruit, culled flowers, and picked off dead leaves; but the more onerous duties of gardening were, I think, fulfilled by Griff, as being much the stronger and harder of the two, though, on closer inspection, his face looked more worn and lined than Davy's. But then, as he had explained, Griff had led always an open-air life as a working farmer, while Davy had passed many years in an office at Cardiff as a wine-merchant.

For some time I did not see very much

of my hosts beyond chance meetings with them early in the morning or quite late at night. I was always impressed by their kindly politeness and the courtesy with which they greeted me: Davy being the more formal and ceremonious, and Griff the more homely and hearty in his salutations. They seemed greatly attached, and regarded each other with a fond, watchful, protective air, that much interested me. There was something touching, I thought, in the tender arm-in-arm, mutually-supporting way in which these twin-born old men journeyed on together to the goal of life. They listened to each other with peculiar attention and alertness; followed with quick curious eyes each other's lightest movements; seemed eager as much as possible to anticipate each other's smallest wish or requirement. There was affection and compassion, and yet, it occurred to me at times, something of suspicion and anxiety in their way of regarding each other. But they were the kindest of hosts, and I thought myself very fortunate indeed, in that I had secured such comfortable quarters during

my sojourn in the neighbourhood of Llanberis. Perhaps I saw less of Davy and Griff at this time, from the fact of my being occupied early and late at the works. We had now come to some of the severest gradients on the line: deep cuttings and tall embankments, with here and there bridges to be built in most substantial fashion, for the winter rains coursing down the mountains, swell and strengthen the streams to be crossed to a surprising extent. Still, altogether, our undertaking had progressed very rapidly indeed. Labour was abundant; the neighbourhood seemed quite to swarm with navvies, and, notwithstanding occasional severe conflicts between the Welsh, Irish, and English gangs—which now and then brought us almost to a standstill—there seemed every chance of the contracts being completed long in advance of the stipulated time. I was beginning to think that I should much regret leaving Llanberis, I had got on there so satisfactorily altogether. But, sooner or later, a move farther down the line would become imperative.

PHYSIOLOGICAL EFFECTS OF EXPOSURE TO INCREASED ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE.—Most people are aware that certain disagreeable sensations are experienced by the inmates of a diving-bell, during its descent, even to a few feet below the surface of the water, but the opportunity seldom occurs to note the effects produced by a descent to so great a depth that the pressure amounts to four atmospheres, or no less than 60 lbs. on the square inch. Yet exposure to this pressure has been experienced by the workmen engaged in laying the foundations of the St. Louis bridge over the Mississippi, and Dr. John Green has published in the *Transactions of the American Oological Society* the results of some observations he has recently made. It was found necessary to use considerable precaution in admitting the workers into the chamber containing the condensed air; an intermediate chamber or lock was therefore constructed, into which the condensed air could be admitted gradually, occupying, for the higher degrees of pressure, from five to ten minutes. The exit was through the same lock, and occupied the same time. The increased oxidizing power of the condensed air was shown by the rapid wasting and guttering of the candles, which burned with a streaming smoking flame, and, when blown out, rekindled spontaneously from the glowing wick. During the later stages of the work the men could only work for an hour at a time, and a remarkable form of palsy was prev-

alent from which nearly a dozen men died. The first effects of the gradually increasing pressure in the lock were a distinct sensation of pressure upon the tympanic membranes of both ears, which, however, was immediately relieved by swallowing, or by inflating the ears from within. The respirations and cardiac movements remained unaltered until exertion was made, when they quickly became accelerated. It was found to be impossible to whistle. The ticking of a watch was heard with great distinctness. On leaving the chamber a strong sensation of cold was experienced, and catarrhs were frequent amongst the men. The condensed air escaped from the tympanum through the Eustachian tube in a series of puffs. Too sudden exposure to the condensed air in one instance caused rupture of the membrana tympani, and too sudden removal of the pressure in the same person spitting of blood.

Academy.

THE ESTERHAZY PICTURE GALLERY.—The Esterhazy picture gallery, famous for its Murillo and for works of the Flemish school, has become the property of the Hungarian nation for the price of 1,300,000 florins. A collection of engravings belonging to the family of Prince Esterhazy has been separately purchased by the Ministry of Public Instruction. Pall Mall.

From Chambers' Journal.
A NEW ZEALAND STATION.

THE tables are turned. The "natives" are astonishing us. Instead of making themselves generally unpleasant and dangerous, giving rise to acrimonious debates in parliament, and to the quaking of maternal hearts, for fear of "active service," the Maori are taking to railroad-making, telegraphy, public discussion, *without* the tomahawk accompaniment—in short, to civilization on the European pattern. If our experience of the results of high culture on this side of the world were not what it is—that all "progress" resolves itself into the power of making war in a bloody and relentless fashion, such as the dark ages did not dream of, and all "friendly relations" mean palavering among sovereigns up to the moment when each thinks he can hit the other the most hurtful blow, and "annex" his possessions with most profit and facility—we might look upon the accounts from New Zealand with unqualified pleasure. But we are growing sceptical about peace and goodwill, and we only *hope* the best in the case of the Maori. To be sure, there is no talk of a Great Exhibition at the antipodean Canterbury, so that public confidence has some little ground to rest upon. When the natives reach that pitch of sweetness and light, we, with our European experience, shall know they mean mischief. In the meantime there is a great deal of very pleasant occupation to be had. One may have much enjoyment of life in New Zealand, without being brought in contact with the delightfully clever and rapidly improving natives at all: when, except that the climate is delicious, health one's normal condition, and the Queen's taxes unknown, one might be in the remoter parts of England and Scotland. Why that should be considered an advantage, it is difficult to understand, the "remoter parts" of any country being usually dull and dismal, in proportion to the life and activity of its great cities; but it is supposed to be encouraging to intending colonists. Such a place is Nelson, on the north coast of the middle island of New Zealand, when Lady Barker first landed in the colony, for which she is certainly a capital advocate, and, in the Artemus Ward sense, show-woman.* Not the least indication that any one but the lordly Anglo-Saxon ever was lord of the soil, order and industry everywhere, and Swiss

architecture applied to domestic purposes, which must be suggestive of Norwood, where it is not rational, whereas at Nelson, a gloriously sunny place, it is. Lady Barker says: "It is a lovely little town as I saw it that spring morning (October, 1853), with hills running down almost to the water's edge, and small wooden houses, with gables and verandahs, half-buried in creepers, built up the sides of the steep slopes. It was a true New Zealand day, still and bright, a delicious invigorating freshness in the air, without the least chill; the sky of a more than Italian blue; the ranges of mountains in the distance covered with snow, and standing out sharp and clear against this lovely glowing heaven." From Nelson to Lyttleton it is a twenty hours' voyage, and then the emigrant has done with the sea, and has only a charming drive, which reminds one, in the description, of the road, depicted by Captain Burton from Petropolis to Juiz da Flora in the Brazil.

Christchurch is highly civilized. "It might be a hundred years old," says Lady Barker, when she praises its well-paved streets, its gas-lamps, its pillar post-offices, and its drinking-fountains; but these things belong rather to the newest than to the oldest cities. Christchurch is also excessively genteel. Ladies began to "call" immediately, very nice ladies too, somewhat like what our great-grandmothers were, only not quite so plain-spoken; possessing an immense amount of practical knowledge, and yet knowing how to surround themselves, according to their means and opportunities, with the refinements and elegances of life. In this thriving little town "there are no paupers; every one is well fed and well clothed, and the children are really splendid." Also, every one is very healthy. It is necessary to remember that "north" in New Zealand answers to "south" here, when the frequent mention of a delightful north aspect occurs.

Sixty-five miles from Christchurch is the fine station of Heathstock, and here may be witnessed in perfection the important and interesting work of sheep-shearing. Here is an account of the wool-shed, as curious as those of the saladeros of South America, but much less repulsive. "Each shearer has a clap-door close to him, out of which he pushes his sheep as soon as the fleece is off; and there are little pens outside, so that the manager can notice whether the poor animal has been too much cut with the shears, or badly shorn in any other respect, and can tell

* *Station Life in New Zealand.* By Lady Barker. London: Macmillan & Co.

exactly which shearer is to blame. Before this plan was adopted, it was hopeless to try to find out who was the delinquent, for no one would acknowledge to the least snip. A good shearer can take off one hundred and twenty fleeces in a day, but the average is about eighty to each man. They get one pound per hundred, and are found in everything, having as much tea and sugar, bread and mutton, as they can consume, and a cook entirely to themselves; they work at least fourteen hours out of the twenty-four, and with such a large flock as this—about fifty thousand—must make a good deal. We next inspected the tables, to which two boys were incessantly bringing armfuls of rolled-up fleeces; these were laid on the tables before the wool-sorters, who opened them out, and pronounced in a moment to which *bin* they belonged; two or three men standing behind rolled them up again rapidly, and put them on a sort of shelf divided into compartments, which were each labelled, so that the quality and kind of each wool could be told at a glance. There was a constant emptying of these bins into trucks, to be carried off to the press, where we followed to see the bales packed. The fleeces are tumbled in, and a heavy screw-press forces them down till the bale—which is kept open in a large square frame—is as full as it can hold. The top of canvas is then put on, tightly sewn, four iron pins are removed, and the sides of the frame fall away, disclosing a most symmetrical bale ready to be hoisted by a crane into the loft above, where it has the brand of the sheep painted on it, its weight, and to what class the wool belongs. Of course everything has to be done with great speed and system. I was much impressed by the silence in the shed—not a sound was to be heard except the click of the shears, and the wool-sorter's decision, as he flings the fleece behind him, given in one, or at most two words. All the noise is *outside*; there the hubbub, and dust, and apparent confusion are great. You can hear nothing but barking and bleating, and this goes on from early morning till dark. We peeped in at the men's huts—a long, low, narrow building, with two rows of "bunks" in one compartment, and a table with forms round it in another, and piles of tin plates and pannikins all about. The kitchen was near, and we were just in time to see an enormous batch of bread withdrawn from a huge brick-oven. The other commissariat arrangements were on the same scale. Cold tea is supplied all day long to the shearers, and

they appear to consume great quantities of it.

Lady Barker's wooden house was made at Christchurch, the dimensions being regulated to suit the carpets they had brought out. She petitioned for a little bay window, and, on her last visit of inspection, the builder asked: "Would you wish to see the *horiel*, mum?" Six weeks after they had fixed on their "station," the house was ready; and then they found they had been wrong in bringing out furniture, for the expense of carriage (in New Zealand) was enormous, and there are capital shops where everything may be bought at English prices. Wages of all sorts are given; employment is a certainty; and even the London cabby may be content with a rate of fares which make a morning visit three miles out of town, and lasting a quarter of an hour, cost one pound ten. The town is very pretty, all the streets being bordered with large trees. It has been found necessary to legislate against watercress, which had spread so rapidly since its introduction, as to become a perfect nuisance, blocking up mill-streams, causing meadows to be flooded, and doing all kinds of mischief.

A tremendous nor'easter, which would be our sou'-wester, blew an accompaniment to the settlers' journey, and introduced Lady Barker to her first acquaintance with a dust-storm. In July, when quite settled at their station of Broomielaw, in the Malvern Hills, she writes of the delicious mid-winter days. "We are glad of a fire at breakfast, but we let it out, and never think of relighting it until dark. I bask all day in the verandah, carrying my books and work there soon after breakfast: as soon as the sun goes down, however, it becomes very cold. In a house which is only one plank an inch thick, lining-board, canvas, and paper, a good fire is wanted between you and a hard frost." It is a curious life to think of, a curious scene to contemplate, that lonely "station" at the Antipodes, with its horizon boundary of beautiful hills sheeted in snow, its great tracts of grass land, its tiny shoots of English trees, its luxuriant broom, its beginnings of vegetable and fruit garden, and the wooden house, so neatly arranged, so homelike and elegant, so untouched by the customary roughness of colonial life in the distant interior. One naturally thinks of a log-hut in such conditions, but here is the reality.

"Out of the verandah you pass through a little hall hung with whips and sticks, spurs and hats, and with a bookcase full

of novels at one end of it, into a dining-room, large enough for us, with more books in every available corner, the prints you know so well on the walls, and a trophy of Indian swords and hunting-spears over the fireplace: this leads into the drawing-room — a bright, cheery little room — more books and pictures, and a writing-table in the 'koriel.' In a tall, white, classical-shaped vase of Minton's, is the most beautiful bouquet, made entirely of ferns; it is a constant object for my walks up the gullies, exploring little patches of bush to search for the ferns, which grow abundantly under their shelter by the creek. I have a small but comfortable bedroom; and there is a little dressing-room for F—, and the tiniest spare room you ever saw — it really is not bigger than the cabin of a ship. I think the kitchen is the chief glory of the house, boasting a 'Leamington range.' There is a good-sized store-room, in which F— has just finished putting me up some cupboards, and a servant's room. It is not a palace, is it? But it is quite large enough to hold a great deal of happiness."

Skating excursions, in the intervals of business, for her husband and his companion — a young gentleman learning sheep-farming; and for herself, housekeeping, botanising, long walks and rides in the beautiful country, and through the delicious air, with the constantly high musical wind — these constituted the avocations and amusements of Lady Barker's distant home. She established a little congregation — of which her husband was the minister — at Broomielaw; and she visited and made friends with all the humble industrious households within her reach. She met with strange and interesting people, and with many a nature of more cultivation and refinement than one could possibly expect in a place so distant from the old associations of culture and home. One is persuaded, on reading this book, that there is no colony so little savage as New Zealand; the colonists are certainly the *élite* of the emigrant class in all ranks, and the amenities of life best preserved and most highly prized.

The storms are a great drawback. One nor'-wester succeeds another; one sou'-wester has hardly blown himself out, before his twin-brother comes rushing from the cavern of the winds. And, in addition to the discomfort they produce, these storms do much mischief to animate and inanimate property; especially they kill numbers of the bush birds, whose presence and song constitute a great charm in the

life of that jubilant young country. An air of cheerful prosperity reigns everywhere, but the people *do* talk too much about sheep and money. They had glorious picnics; and balls contrived with wonderful ingenuity, considering there were but six ladies to dance with the "haill country side," at Christmas, when the heat was the sole hinderance to perfect enjoyment, and the dancing took place in daylight.

Lady Barker is of opinion that there is no place in the world where people can live so cheaply and so well as on a New Zealand sheep-station, when the first expense of setting everything going has been gotten over.

Lady Barker concludes her account of the labours of her well-spent days — the form of her narrative is epistolary — with the following enviable little sketch. "After dinner, F— and I go out for a walk or a ride, generally the latter — not a little shabby canter, but a long stretching gallop for miles and miles; perhaps stopping to have a cup of tea with a neighbour, twelve or fifteen miles off, and then coming slowly home in the delicious gloaming, with the peculiar fresh crisp feeling which the atmosphere always has here the moment the sun sets, no matter how hot the day has been. I can hardly hope to make you understand how enjoyable our twilight hours are; every turn of the track, as we slowly wend up the valley, shewing us some beautiful glimpse of distant mountain peaks; and, above all, such sunset splendours, gradually fading away into the deep purity beauty of a summer night."

The delights and the dangers of "camping out" are also within Lady Barker's experience. She went to see the sunrise from the top of Flagpole, a hill three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and passed what she candidly confesses to have been the longest night of her life, within an inconsiderable distance of the summit. All the toil, cold, and discomfort were, however, amply rewarded by the prospect (when the dawn really came), which had all the mountain, plain, and river beauty which they had dreamed of, and one additional touch of interest and glory on which they had not counted. Just when the sun was climbing up, and the curtains were being lifted off the hills, some one cried out: "There's the sea;" and they saw it, as distinct as though it lay near at hand, instead of fifty miles away. None of the party had seen it since their landing in New Zealand: to all of them it was associated with the idea of

going home some day. The magnificence of the prospect made up for all the cold, fatigue, and discomfort they had undergone. Indeed, the beauty of New Zealand seems to be as varied as it is striking. Monotony is not one of the grievances of the colonial life there, if any grievances there be, except "the deep unutterable woe which none but exiles feel," and one which came within the experience of Lady Barker in a terrific manner, and her endurance of which crowns the impression of her heroism in ordinary life created by her narrative.

Towards the end of July 1867, the weather was very wet and cold, but cleared up in the few last days. All the stores at the station were at the lowest ebb, and, after waiting a day or two, to allow the roads to dry, the dray was despatched to Christchurch for provisions, and Lady Barker was left alone, her husband also having to go to Christchurch, but arranging to send a friend to escort her to the town on the following day, as he should be obliged to remain for a week. The lambing season was only just terminated on the runs; thousands of lambs were skipping about; their condition was most satisfactory, and the prospects of the colonists were flourishing. On the 29th, there was a "sou'-wester," but no change was made in their plans, and Lady Barker was left alone. "My mind," she says, "was disturbed by secret uneasiness about the possibility of the dray being detained by wet weather; and there was such an extraordinary weight in the air, the dense mist seemed pressing everything down to the ground. I was so restless and miserable, I did not know what was the matter with me. I wandered from window to window, and still the same unusual sight met my eyes: a long procession of ewes and lambs, all travelling steadily down from the hills towards the large flat in front of the house; the bleating was incessant, and added to the intense melancholy of the whole affair. When Mr. V—— came at one o'clock, he said that on the other ranges the sheep were drifting before the cold rain and mist in the same manner. Our only anxiety arose from the certainty that the dray would be delayed at least a day, perhaps two; this was a dreadful idea. For some time we had been economizing our resources, to make them last, and we knew there was absolutely nothing at the home station, nor at our nearest neighbours', for they had sent to borrow tea and sugar from us. At dusk, two gentlemen rode up, not

knowing F—— was from home, and asked if they might remain for the night. They put up their horses, and housed their valuable sheep-dogs in a barrel full of clean straw, and we all tried to spend a cheerful evening; but every one confessed to the same extraordinary depression of spirits that I felt."

This was the beginning of a period of terror, suffering, and loss, which needed all the nerve and resignation at Lady Barker's command. The next morning the snow was falling thick, fine, and fast; no sheep were visible, and intense silence prevailed. There was very little mutton in the house, no oat-meal, no coffee, no cocoa, and after breakfast, about an ounce of tea. A very small fire only could be allowed. Towards night, Lady Barker fancied the garden-fence looked strangely dwarfed, but no one was alarmed. "Snow never lies in New Zealand." Next morning, it was four feet deep, still falling heavily and steadily in fine dense clouds; the cows were not to be seen; the fowl-house and pigsties had entirely disappeared; every scrap of wood was quite covered up; both the verandahs were impassable, and the only door which could be opened was that of the back kitchen. The commissariat was in the following condition. "The tea at breakfast was merely coloured hot-water, and we had some picnic biscuits with it. For dinner we had the last tin of sardines, the last pot of apricot jam, and a tin of ratafia biscuits. There were six people to be fed every day, and nothing to feed them with. Thursday's breakfast was a discovered crust of dry bread, and our dinner rice and salt—the last rice in the store-room." The snow fell unceasingly; only one window in the house afforded light; every box was broken up and used for fuel. On Friday there was nothing in the house but black-lead; the women-servants were in terrified despair. Of the sheep no trace was to be seen; the dogs' kennels could not be got at. On Saturday the cows were found, and dragged within the enclosure; and after four hours' severe toil, a little oatmeal hay was dug out for them. Now nothing remained but one bottle of whiskey, and all were starved and frozen. On Sunday the rain came out heavily, and in time so far washed the drifts away that the gentlemen contrived to tear off some shingles of the roof of the fowl-house, and procure some aged hens, mere skeletons after a week's starvation; and also to pick away a rail from the stock-yard fence, which gave them an

hour's firing, and enabled them to make a kind of stew of the hens. After this meal, every one went to bed again, for candles were scarce. On Monday the rain partially cleared the roof and the tops of the windows; some hay was procured with incredible toil for the starving animals, and some more fowls were killed. The wind shifted, and the imprisoned party began to have some hope of saving some of the thousands of sheep and lambs which they now knew were buried under the smooth white winding-sheet. All night the gale roared, and on Tuesday the pigsty was comeatable, and one of its inmates, who had been perfectly snug all the time, was slaughtered, so that the fear of starvation was at an end. On Wednesday, they saw the sun; and the gentlemen succeeded in digging out the dogs; and then Lady Barker insisted on accompanying them to the summit of a neighbouring hill, in order to ascertain the fate of the sheep. This must be told in her own words, a forcible and simple account of one of the most terrible calamities which ever befell New Zealand, where it appears this fearful snow-storm had been foretold by the Maori, though there is no record among their traditions of any similar disaster.

"As soon as we got to the top, the first glance shewed us a small dusky patch close to the edge of one of the deepest and widest creeks at the bottom of the paddock. Experienced eyes saw that they were sheep, but to me they had not the shape of animals at all, though quite near enough to be seen distinctly. I observed the gentlemen exchange looks of alarm, and they said some low words, from which I gathered that they feared the worst. Before we went down to the flat, we took a long careful look around, and made out another patch, dark by comparison with the snow, some two hundred yards lower down the creek, but apparently in the water. On the other side of the little

hill the snow seemed to have drifted even more deeply, for the long narrow valley which lay there presented, as far as we could see, one smooth level snow-field. As soon as we got near the spot we had observed, we found we were walking on frozen sheep, embedded in the snow one over the other; but, at all events, their misery had been over some time. It was more horrible to see the drowning huddled-up 'mob' which had made the dusky patch we had noticed from the hill."

The tremendous exertions made by the whole party, the suspense and pity they felt, the small effect their exhausting labour produced, form a touching picture. In the case of the second "mob" all the sheep were dead, but a few hundreds were saved among the first. On an island formed at the head of the creek, where the water swept with such fury round a point as to wash the snow and sheep all away together, till at some little distance they began to accumulate in a heap, Lady Barker counted ninety-two ewes in one spot, but could not wait to count the lambs.

The total loss was half their flock and ninety per cent. of their lambs. When they learned the news of the fearful snow-storm from other parts of the country, they found that the distant "back country" ranges had suffered more severely than they had, for the sheep took shelter under the high river-banks, and the tragedy of the creeks was enacted on a still larger scale; or they drifted along before the first day's gale, until they came to a wire-fence, and there they were soon covered up, and trampled each other to death. Not only were sheep, but cattle, found dead in hundreds along the fences on the plains.

This tragic occurrence is the sole drawback to the best, pleasantest, and most encouraging narrative of colonial life to be found among the abundant literature of emigration.

GENERAL DUCROT's account of his escape has been investigated by a German court of honour, and tested by evidence, and he has been unanimously acquitted,—a fact we recommend to the large number of persons who in the teeth of evidence persist in asserting that French statesmen and generals uphold breach of parole. There may have been cases of course, as there

will be in large armies, but there never has been the faintest evidence of any desire on the part of French politicians to approve such a course, or of French generals to follow it; when they have intended to escape, they have given notice, and renounced the advantages of the parole.

Spectator.

From The Saturday Review.
PLAINNESS AND ILL-FAVOUR.

How strange that, while our internal mechanism and organization are so perfect, perfect symmetry in the outer man should be so rare! that there should be so many plain people in the world! Such is the not unreasonable lament of a refined taste, looking abroad for the gratification of its love for beauty and fair proportion, and finding such rare and scanty indulgence of the heaven-born longing. It is a truth that most of the people we meet in the streets and highways are plain. We have a different standard for our home friends, for relations and intimates, but out of doors it is an exception to meet a comely, nobly-formed, handsome man or woman. It is a surprise when we do meet with such. So unusual, indeed, is it to meet with perfect, or anything approaching to perfect, symmetry, that one of the attendants on beauty is surprise. We gaze upon something rare, unaccustomed, startling from its singularity. This reflection has been put by the acutest of our female novelists into the mouth of a vain, "well-looking" man, who cynically complains of Bath for the multitude of its plain women. If by chance you see a pretty woman (let us explain that this was written half a century ago), she is sure to be followed by thirty or thirty-five frights; and once, though to be sure it was on a frosty day, he had counted eighty-seven in succession without a tolerable face among them. And with the men it was even worse, so that a decent-looking man excited quite an embarrassing sensation. The universality of this fact, stated broadly, is fortunate for those among us who cannot boast of any thing typical or godlike in face or form. There are enough plain people—ordinary, some persons call it, to show how universal is the doom—to keep us in countenance. It would be dreadful to be the only ugly fellow in the world. But, even as it is, it cannot but be annoying to men—and especially to women—whose place or works or deeds give them prominence, not to be better worth looking at; to be so little good-looking as, sooth to say, they often are. "What do you think when so many people come to see you?" Miss Bremer was asked by her American adorers. "I wish that I was handsome," was her reply. "When all things are blossoming," writes a woman of showy conspicuous genius, "it seems strange not to blossom too; man is the slowest aloe, and I am such a shabby plant, of such coarse tissue. I hate not to be beautiful when all around is so." Who

can tell how much Goldsmith's ugliness, which made him a butt in childhood, was at the bottom of the restless unsatisfied vanity of which so much is written? With men, however, the consciousness of ugliness has constantly acted as an intellectual stimulus. Because Richard III. was rudely stamped, wanting love's majesty, he shaped out a great unscrupulous career for himself; and Mirabeau and Wilkes might perhaps not have made so public a figure if they had been less conspicuously ill-favoured. But the draught was probably bitter all the same. The most successful jester on his own ill-looks finds the fun very flat in his solitary hours, but consciousness makes him restless; and where it is hopeless to pass unnoticed, his best expedient is to be pleasant upon himself.

These people are ugly because they cannot help it, but we have been led to our subject by the reflection how much of the depressing ugliness of the world is of man's own making, and need not be if people did not fall into tricks and bad habits of feature and countenance. We are not going deep; we are not entering into the question how far the principle of selection might improve the aspect of humanity; how high thought might elevate, the practice of virtue beautify, immunity from poverty and vulgar cares ennable the race. What we note here is the universality of tricks and bad habits of countenance which need not have a worse source than neglect of appearances, inducing an aggregate of uncomeliness for which nature is not accountable. In keen wind and frost people cannot command their best looks; but observe one face after another as we drive along the road on a summer's day. How many faces are twisted into a permanence of ill-looks merely by screwing up the eyes against the sun's rays! The poor tramp cannot help the tan nor the sun-burnt hair nor the freckles, but the utter abandonment to the screw—nose, mouth, forehead, all gathered into an unnatural coalition for miles at a time—implies an absence of self-respect; and this he could help. It is the instinct of the observer to call himself to account on meeting one of these masks—to compose his features lest he should have given way to the degrading yet natural temptation. Again, that too common downward look and heavy mouth is a trick. One would not like to pass the scowling navvy in an unfrequented lane; but the fellow is honest and hardworking, the scowl is but a trick acquired behind his wheelbarrow. So is the grin which confers such a peculiar turpitude on many a coun-

tenance for which heart and brains are by no means answerable. And the women of the poorer class in streets and railway stations! What blinking eyes, what lowering brows, what abandonment of the mouth, till it has grown to twice the size civilization would have kept it. What seams and wrinkles and crinkles; what misplaced angles and corners! If some invisible hand could smooth them all away, and show us only the natural wear and tear of time, what a transformation!

But, after all, *active* tricks belong rather to another and a higher class. There is the simper, which though sometimes indicative of mental qualities may be only a habit of the muscles; the grimaces of pre-occupation, the unmeaning elevation of eyebrows carrying the ears along with them, which strangely varies the repose of some physiognomies; the stare of absent eyes, the scowl of near-sightedness, the winks and twitches of restlessness, all indicating a certain carelessness, an indifference of what others think of us, which results in an injustice to nature. It is only in some occult way that they are characteristics; they need not be, and the man would have been handsomer without them. And how many tricks disfigure the laugh! "You shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up," says Falstaff of Prince Hal—a self-abandonment which he acquired in company where self-restraint of any sort was least in his thoughts. And all tricks are objectionable, not only because they spoil a good face and exaggerate the worst points on a bad one, but because in their degree they outrage propriety. De Quincey, who expatiates on the meanness of Dr. Parr's personal appearance and his coarse and ignoble features, is careful to explain first that "I that write this paper have myself a mean personal appearance," and next that "I love men of mean appearance"; but he remarks how this original unkindness of nature "is enhanced by grimace, and further by the basilisk function of the eye," illustrating this by the trial it was to a nervous preacher to see a comical-looking old man from below leveling one eye at him. Tricks arise either from absence, shyness, or a sense of superiority and indifference to the opinion of the vulgar. Biography is full of the absurd personal habits of great men thus lifted out of the sphere of honest remonstrance. We have just read in Wickham's Correspondence of Suwarrow, who looked a man when engaged in business, but while entertaining company would walk about

the room with bent knees and head and hands hanging down like an idiot. Miss Seward, the biographer of Dr. Darwin, reports a habit in her hero which recalls that of the brutal Duke of Lauderdale who figures in the torture-scene of *Old Mortality*. We give it in her own would-be Johnsonian periods:—"A strange habit it was imputed to Dr. Darwin which presents such an exterior of idiot-seeming indelicacy that the author of this tract is tempted to express here entire disbelief of its truth—namely, that his tongue was generally hanging out of his mouth when he walked alone. She has often of late years met him in the streets of Lichfield, alone and musing, and never witnessed a custom so indecent." Certainly the "hard features on a rough surface and general clumsiness" attributed to the poet of the Botanical Garden did not need this aggravation. As a fact, the tricks we speak of are recorded mostly of persons who have no beauty to spare. Thus Margaret Fuller, the American Muse, is described as of extreme plainness, and with a trick of incessantly opening and shutting her eyelids. No doubt the consciousness of good looks, the memory of the image reflected in the morning mirror, is a preservative against distortion and grimace; while plain folks may throw themselves upon expression, and trust, as is often the case, that their glass does them less than justice, and that play of feature atones for ruggedness, clumsiness, or poverty of outline. But also the working of thought does in some people involve a visible effort and displacement of feature from mere innocent intentness. Especially where the mind guides the hand, we may almost see pulleys at work; as in Sam Weller writing his letter. Clenched teeth, lips drawn into a line, receding chin, all betoken a fixed determination to compass the matter in hand. The features in ungainly pantomime picture forth the inner struggle till we learn to undervalue a result bought at such cost and pains, and to justify the seeming unfairness which prefers "felicities" to the achievements of industry, "for they seem gifts while the other seem pennyworths," and often dear at the money.

Plainness is a misfortune so much to be aggravated by mismanagement, and to be redeemed and rendered tolerable by judicious treatment, that the consciousness of it should make no one unhappy. The ugliest of men boasted that he was only five minutes behind the handsomest in the favour of the ladies. This may be true where wit is thrown into the scale. But

the plain man is also more bound to the proprieties and scruples of the toilet than his well-favoured brother. Old clothes and the suspicion of a soil tell on him with a damning effect, and yet the care must never merge into foppery. If he hits the golden mean his reward will come late but surely. At sixty or sixty-five he will be better worth looking at, be a pleasanter object for the eye to rest on, be welcomed with sweeter smiles, than the sloven of the same years, whatever his natural advantages. And age brings to many a temptation to slovenliness. No one can pretend that plainness is no trial to a woman; therefore we ought the more to honour the plain woman, who, hopeless of admiration, yet applies all the innocent arts of nicety, taste, and feminine tact, to set off homely features to the best advantage, and to produce a *tout ensemble* not conspicuously unlovely. Fortunately it is a point on which an unlimited amount of self-deception is possible, for there is a charm wholly independent of regularity and colour, and no woman can be sure that she has no faint air or shadowy touch of such fascination. There is a scene in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* greatly consolatory to these irregular beauties. The lover Cléonthe, having been cut by Lucile when walking with her severely prudish aunt, comes on the stage in a violent rage, and calls upon his valet to point out all her imperfections, that he may at once nourish his anger and conquer her passion. "Elle, monsieur ?" responds Covieille, "Voilà une belle mijaurée," a pretty piece of goods to die of love for ! and proceeds very willingly to pick the fair bourgeois to pieces. He finds her "très-médiocre" in general, and for particulars he begins, "Elle a les yeux petits":—

CLEONTE.—Cela est vrai, elle a les yeux petits, mais elle les a pleins de feu, les plus brillans, les plus percans du monde, les plus touchans qu'on puisse voir.

Covieille persists :—

Elle a la bouche grande.

CLEONTE.—Oui; mais on y voit des grâces qu'on ne voit point aux autres bouches; et cette bouche, en la voyant, inspire des désirs, est la plus attrayante, la plus amoureuse du monde.

Next Covieille objects to her figure, but, still acquiescing, the lover finds her shape easy, "bien prise," and so on and so on. In fact she was beautiful without being a beauty; and with all a Frenchwoman's skill made the best of herself.

Another encouragement for the large majority of mankind who do not come up to the ideal, who have been neglected by nature as models wrought in haste, is the suspicion and unattractiveness imparted to many of the pictures of beauty with which poets and authors of fiction have favoured us. There is Milton's Satan in the first place, and his Delilah, and Coleridge's richly-dressed lady, beautiful exceedingly—whom it was frightful there to see. Some of Thackeray's beauties, making great eyes at the men, have a touch of the demoniacal; Mr. Trollope's Lady Dumbello, with the smile and the trick of impassiveness, is not much better; and many of his handsome fellows, god-like without, are no better than pickpockets within. The other day we opened a novel which introduced a new epithet for unattractive beauty. "She was very beautiful," we read, "so pitilessly and undeniably beautiful, that she had long forgotten, as one may say, to express her beauty." But certainly never did beauty suffer, either in the daubing of the colours or the effect on the shuddering beholder, as it does in the sensational novel of our age. So that after a course of modern fiction we are quite ready to agree with the old writer, who, tired of the airs and exactions of the pretty fellows and the professed beauties of his day, resolves for the future to confine himself to the society of cheerful ugly creatures, as being much pleasanter company.

From The Saturday Review.
SWEETNESS AND LIGHT.

THERE is something very seductive in the optimist faith of Childhood. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," and it is only by degrees that we learn, as the poets tell us, that the pine-trees are not high enough to reach it. Slowly but surely, the glory passes from the earth; the comfortable belief that all grown-up people are not only wise and good, but also perfectly happy, succumbs to the inexorable logic of experience, and the growing youth discovers not only that he is "further off from heaven than when he was a boy," but that the world is a very different sort of place from what he once supposed it to be. He may not trouble himself much with metaphysical puzzles about the origin of evil, but he must be of a singularly cheerful temperament or most exceptionally fortunate in his cir-

cumstances, if he does not become aware that the dark threads are, to say the least, mingled pretty thickly in the tangled skein of life, and that the cynics who divide mankind into knaves and fools have some plausible pretext for their unpleasant philosophy of human nature. We may shift the blame, like Topsy, if we please, to our "wicked heart," but the fact that there is a great deal of wickedness, and of all the disagreeable consequences which wickedness entails, to be encountered in this world, is beyond dispute. The optimist creed which is natural to children, and which is professed by some of Mr. Dickens's favourite heroes, is either based on ignorance of facts or on a very shallow estimate of the grave realities of life. The laughing philosophy may suit a summer afternoon, but in the long run Diogenes is sure to beat Heraclitus out of the field, as poor Mr. Boffin was at last obliged to own. It may be quite true, as all divines tell us, that God desires the happiness of His creatures, but then it is also true that they have very largely succeeded in frustrating the accomplishment of that desire, and so we are brought back to the old complaint of the preacher, that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. No doubt, if this be so, our thanks are due to any one who will teach us how to infuse a little more of "sweetness and light" into a world which has been only too truly denounced as "full of darkness and cruel habitations." If culture — or, as the great apostle of culture is fond of calling it, "Hellenism" — will do this for us; if it will, as he assures us, "make reason and the will of God prevail" on earth, we may truly say, as Solomon says of wisdom, that its price is above rubies. But we may venture, even at the risk of incurring the charge of Philistinism, to ask how far the claim can be substantiated. Wisdom, we are told, is justified of all her children. Can as much be said for culture?

Now, if we appeal to the testimony of experience, we are confronted by two very awkward facts. The most cultivated nation of antiquity by universal consent was the Greek, and the centre of Greek cultivation was Athens. So completely indeed is this recognized by Mr. Arnold, that he uses "Hellenism" as synonymous with culture, and regards the golden age of early Athenian splendour, the age of Sophocles, of Pericles, and of Phidias, as exhibiting the most perfect combination of sweetness and light which the world has yet witnessed. Yet a very superficial acquaintance with the literature of that age

is enough to convince us of the truth of Professor Jowett's remark, that if its inner life were revealed to us, we should turn away with loathing and detestation from the sight. Mr. Swinburne has done something — and his panegyrists complain bitterly of the narrow prejudices of Christian society which will only allow him to do so little — to unveil the darker side of the picture, and has done it *con amore*. But to most of us, who have not quite overcome the fastidiousness of our modern taste, that little will be quite enough. Nor is this all. Athens, at the very zenith of her most brilliant culture, in the ideal age of "sweetness and light," was on the eve of her national decline. Her art was the bloom of decay, and her captive citizens were thankful to purchase some relaxation of their bondage by singing the choruses of Euripides in the Sicilian salt mines. To say the least, there had been something defective in the empire of "sweetness and light." If Greece was distinctively the cultured nation of antiquity, Germany must, we presume, claim that distinction in modern Europe. The very word culture, which we have been labouring hard to naturalize, is a translation of the German *Bildung*. But it is not very easy to recognize the promised fruit of culture in the German mind just now. We need not accept everything that Mr. Frederick Harrison has lately said about "the calculating ferocity of scientific soldiers," but it would be difficult to answer or evade the principal counts of his indictments against the Prussians. For the last six months vast regions of France have been given up to fire and sword, every village the invaders have passed through has been the victim of organized pillage, and every city plundered on system; immense tracts of rich and cultivated land have been stripped and reduced to famine, and a deliberate system of terrorism established everywhere. How far the invasion itself is just, or how far it has been conducted in accordance with the laws, whatever they are, of honourable warfare, we need not pause to inquire here. It is enough for our present purpose to observe, what can hardly be contradicted, that it has — latterly at any rate — been carried on with more rather than less of the usual brutality of war; while at the same time the invading army, as we are constantly reminded, is an army not of trained mercenaries, but of citizen soldiers, citizens of the favoured country which is, or ought to be, the chosen home of sweetness and light. Now

we have not a word to say against German culture, and we are not certainly going to dispute our enormous debt to the scholars, historians, and theologians of the *Vaterland*. But we do think it is fairly open to question whether that culture, which has not had much to suffer from the Saxon "Hebraism" said to be so prejudicial to its influence among ourselves, has been very effective in diffusing over the national character the twin graces of sweetness and light, more especially perhaps the sweetness. The light, if it be there, is somewhat of a *lumen siccum*, to judge from its outward manifestations. It would be invidious to pursue the inquiry from national to individual examples, or we are inclined to think that the result would be very similar. Some of the cruellest have been also the most highly cultured of mankind. The question has, indeed, been asked by a modern writer, "Was Nero a monster?" But it will hardly be more difficult for the historical student to disprove the culture of the "implacable, beautiful tyrant," than to maintain the sweetness of his disposition, or his subservience to the law of "reason," to say nothing of the "Kingdom of God."

If there is any force in these illustrations — and they can hardly be set aside as exceptional instances which only confirm the rule — there must be some flaw in the theory they so strangely contradict. Two questions are at once forced upon us — Are sweetness and light the highest ideal of perfection? and is culture the surest means of attaining it? Clearly, if both questions are answered in the affirmative, we have a right to expect some actual correspondence between the means and the end; we may expect the most cultivated to be, as a rule, the most perfect specimens of humanity. But, as a matter of fact, this can only be affirmed, if at all, with so many reservations and exceptions that we are driven to look rather more closely into the alleged principle. That sweetness and light are very desirable qualities, and that the world would be greatly benefited by possessing more of them than it can boast at present, few will care to dispute, and as little can it be denied that barbarism is not the soil where such products are likely to flourish. But it is equally true, if we are not mistaken, that culture alone will not ordinarily suffice to produce them, and that, if it did, we should have gained at best but a partial and inadequate result. Bishop Butler has observed with perfect justice that the passive contemplation of suffering tends to

deaden our sympathies, while the active exercise of benevolence braces and intensifies them. The same principle may be applied to the case before us. If it were the supreme object of life "in the lovely Lotus land to live and lie reclined," sweetness and light might constitute the supreme standard of excellence, but in the world of action something further is required. Mr. Arnold is very impatient of the vulgar activity of Puritanism as displayed by "the Reverend Mr. Cattle" and the chosen organs of British Nonconformity. It is vulgar enough certainly, but in all its coarse and often misdirected energy there is still something nobler than in the selfish *sang-froid* which dreamily whispers, "There is no joy but calm." Sweetness and light will do little for the individual, and still less for the benefit of the race, without the supplement of fire, or what has been sometimes termed the "enthusiasm of humanity." An ideal of excellence from which force is omitted, if it is not almost tabooed, may have an abstract grace, but it is feminine to the extent of being practically effeminate. It may gild the repose, but it will not help the work of life, and for nine men out of ten life has more of labour than of repose. But there is a further objection to this theory. The ideal proposed is not only inadequate, but impossible. It could only be realized, as it would alone suffice, in the land of Lotus-eaters. It will not stand the wear and tear of common life, and could only be attained, or only preserved, by those who shut themselves up in a hermitage, and "waste their sweetness on the desert air" in order to avoid losing it. There is a character, familiar no doubt to many of our readers, in one of Wilkie Collins's most popular novels, the *Woman in White*, who cultivates his fastidious sweetness by this method of isolation, and a most insufferable bore and tyrant he becomes. Or, to pass from the region of fiction, no more perfect embodiment of the ideal could be found than Goethe. He was, if any man ever was, the child of culture, and the pursuit of sweetness and light was the deliberate and exclusive aim of his life. But the splendour of his genius cannot blind us to the radical defect of his moral nature. It would be difficult to name any instance of a life of such systematic and enlightened selfishness. To him friendship was nothing but a calculated reciprocity, and patriotism a vulgar and inconvenient folly. Sweetness and light are admirable graces, but they are of small service alone; for any practi-

cal purpose they need what culture cannot give, and that is strength.

And this brings us to our last point, on which, however, we can only touch very cursorily here; for it is a subject on which an essay or a volume might be written. The zealous advocates of culture are wont to speak — Mr. Arnold notably does so — as though it not only were allied to religion, but included and thus, in one sense, superseded it. It is true, of course, that Christianity and civilization have usually gone hand in hand, and that in the present day the Christian nations of the world are also the most civilized; for it is only by a very liberal interpretation of the term that China can be admitted to constitute an exception. But nevertheless the two things are quite distinct. When Mrs. Proudie interrupted the voluble rhetoric of the lecturer who was expatiating on the blessings of civilization, by screaming "and Christianity" at the top of her voice, her taste might be questionable, but she was not guilty of tautology. It is the tendency of Christianity in the long run to civilize both nations and individuals, but civilization does not necessarily Christianize them, though it may pave the way for Christianity; as might perhaps be inferred from the fact that the early converts were more numerous among the inhabitants of towns, whence the name of *pagani*, or country people, gained its secondary sense of heathens. But it is, at all events, certain that if religion under favourable circumstances promotes culture, culture will not do the work of religion. It will not supply those moral forces without which sweetness and light are at best but a sickly bloom. The "Hebraists," especially as represented by modern Puritanism, may often be narrow, intolerant, and offensive, with little of sweetness and even less of light. But they have a vantage ground from which their "Hellenist" rivals will never be able to dislodge them,

in their appeal to instincts and motives which Hellenism cannot touch. Few educated men would turn without a feeling of repulsion, almost of disgust, from *Faust* to a sermon of John Wesley's, or let us say of Mr. Spurgeon's. Yet for one who has been charmed or elevated by Goethe's writings — which even in his own country are not nearly so popular as Schiller's vastly inferior but more patriotic poetry — thousands have had their whole moral nature quickened or transformed by the uncouth eloquence of the Nonconformist apostles who so naturally offend Mr. Arnold's cultivated taste. And this suggests a further objection, which must be the last noticed here, to the theory of culture as the chief or exclusive instrument for attaining the true ideal of human excellence. In every country and every age of the world of which we know anything, culture has been, as it still is, the privilege of the few, and it seems morally impossible that it should ever be otherwise. No spread of education will exempt the toiling millions from the pressure of those physical necessities which absorb so much both of their labour and their thoughts; and that absorption is wholly incompatible with anything that can be called culture, as we are now using the word. The difficulty did not exist under the old Pagan civilizations, for the comparative handful of citizens were spared the burden and degradation, as they deemed it, of manual toil, by the forced service of a huge army of slaves, whose exclusion from the blessings of culture was justified by a philosophy which denied that they were moulded of the same clay as freemen. We are not able to cut the knot with the same facility. And till some method of doing so has been discovered, it will ever remain true, for this reason, if for no other, that the immense majority of mankind must look to some other source than culture for such grace as may sweeten and such light as may direct their path.

No part of Spain is less known than the mountain region of Galicia and the Asturias, the cradle of the Christian monarchy. Yet this north-western corner is unsurpassed in the beauty of its scenery, the extreme antiquity of its churches, and the interest attaching to its songs and traditions. The Gallego language, now only spoken by the common people, but

just missed being the court language of Spain in place of Castilian. Alfonso the Wise, as is well known, wrote his "Cantigas" in Gallego. In the last number of the *Revista de España*, a continuation of Señor Fulgosio's notes of a journey through Galicia contains a detailed account of Orense and its cathedral, with some specimens of the Gallego dialect. Academy.

From The Spectator.
M. THIERS.

"**T**HERE are no faults left for you to commit," was M. Thiers' neatest and most deadly epigram on the French Empire after the success of Prussia against Austria in 1866. He was mistaken. There was left to commit a far deadlier blunder than any hitherto made by the Empire, and while it has cost the Bonapartes their dynasty, France millions of money and hundreds of thousands of soldiers, it has gained for M. Thiers himself one more great political opportunity, — one chance of showing that in finding an epitaph for the Second Empire he was not also summing up the retrospect of his own career. At the age of seventy-four, after passing through every conceivable shade of political opinion, after hymning the fiercest moods of the great Republic, after glorifying the First Consul and Emperor, after contributing a large proportion of the venom to those stings by which the Bourbon restoration was stung to death, after giving effect at different times under Louis Philippe to the most opposite policies, without pretending to have any other guide for his gyrations than the expediency of the moment, after pacific tacks and warlike tacks, and after venturing to throw the obloquy of ultimate pusillanimity on the King whom he served, after giving in his adhesion in 1848 to the revolutionary party in Europe, which he declared he never would betray, and within only a few weeks veering round to the party of the Conservative bourgeoisie and supporting every repressive measure adopted against that same European revolution, after voting for the Presidency of Prince Napoleon, for the expedition to Rome, and all the despotic measures of the executive, and reaping his reward in the *coup d'état* which expelled him for a short time from France, after resuming long years afterwards his Parliamentary career only to denounce the independence of Italy, and to rouse in France the fiercest jealousy against the growing power and unity of Germany, after attacking free trade with his keenest fallacies, and at the last critical moment weakening the Imperial Executive by his bitter condemnation of the German war, the causes of which no other Frenchman had done so much to foster, — after all this, M. Thiers has at last reaped the reward of his exhaustive experience of political empiricism, error, and passion, in the profound sympathy of the French nation with his indomitable vitality, his vigorous though short-sighted

penetration, his keen aperçus for momentary expedients and all his dry dislike of heroic measures that don't succeed.

We have no wish to suggest doubts of Thiers' public spirit at the present moment. That he has ever understood what an historical principle, what a political principle, what even an economical principle means, we do not in the least believe. He has admired with his whole soul every form of French energy by turns; he has riddled with his satire every form of French imbecility; he has assailed with inexhaustible vivacity every kind of even successful power which he could regard as hostile to his own influence; but through everything, though he has believed in nothing else, he has believed in France, and he believes in France still. It was his belief in France which gave the fire to his descriptions of the great Revolution, which gave the ecstasy to his worship of the genius of the First Consul, which gave the passion to his hatred of the Bourbon restoration, which encouraged him to swagger as the minister of Louis Philippe, to adhere in an episode of frenzy to the principle of European revolution, to resist it when he thought he saw it producing French anarchy, to favour monopoly and protection — which is always the policy of shortsighted nationalism — to vent immeasurable wrath on the prospect of a risen Italy and a united Germany, and to shrink at last from the awful danger of the Hohenzollern. Thiers has been, on the whole, a selfish statesman; but almost more selfish for France than for himself, — which is another way of saying that he has, perhaps, loved France better than himself. Like all statesmen who could never see beyond the principle of national selfishness, he has had no glimpse of true national greatness. But in his own French way he has loved France sincerely, and has shown his love honestly in his recent inglorious mission to beg aid of the various countries he had threatened, in his weary and vain negotiations in November for an armistice with the hard vassal of the Hohenzollerns, and in his shifty management now of the various intractable elements of the Bordeaux Assembly. And France has not been ungrateful. She has recognized with pathetic unanimity her political destitution in fixing on the statesman without a creed or a principle in the world (except shortsighted devotion to herself) as her only sheet-anchor in time of trouble. Her men of principles, so far as she has any, are divided against themselves; the Republicans will not dishonour

the Republic; the Legitimists will not dishonour their King; the Orleanists will not endanger their influence by ceding French Provinces. M. Thiers,—the one intelligence without a principle, the quick-witted, short-sighted man of many experiences, with scarcely a fault left to commit, and the less hesitation, therefore, about appearing to commit what perhaps is not a fault,—is still left to France, and she cries out for him to come and save her. Poor France indeed, with such a saviour! And yet there is in Thiers the grain of pure patriotic feeling which makes him not wholly unworthy of the task. As he sat the other day in the Bordeaux Assembly—listening to the fervent cry of Alsace and Lorraine that they should not be abandoned to the enemy, and to the Republican echo of that cry, his hands, as the *Daily News*' correspondent described them, stiffly fixed upon his knees, his eyes glancing sharply to and fro noting whence the onesided enthusiasm proceeded, measuring his own support in the Assembly by its inaction, and taking his prompt resolve to bring to a test at once the powers which would be accorded him to negotiate peace,—that "haughty insensibility of a parvenu" with which he has so often been charged was turned to no ignoble purpose. There was valour in the old man of seventy-four as he piped out his desire for an immediate decision on the great question of his power to negotiate the best terms of peace he could get, in the face of that excited and despairing crowd of patriots. The "Mirabeaumouche," as Thiers used to be called, was certainly never less of a mere blue-bottle, never showed so much of the rapid valour of Mirabeau as in that difficult moment. Still, one cannot envy the country that falls back as its last resource on this shifty saviour, this man of expedients, whom France loves for being as short and quick-witted for her as he is for himself, for his high appreciation of theatrical success, and his positive hatred of heroic failure. When Prussia lost the services of her Stein by the enmity of Napoleon, she had still her Hardenberg. When Italy lost her Cavour, she still had her Ricasoli. When Hungary lost her Bathyan, she had her Deak. But France in her agony can find no statesman of character and principle to whom to turn for help. She can only cast her appealing glance on the cunning literary craftsman who has stripped himself of every principle in her service without ever coming near to his wits' end; and she makes much of him because in all his veerings and

vanities he is true Frenchman still. When the old Breton noble refuses to bow his proud head, and the stern Republican tribune will make no sign of defeat, the "haughty insensibility of the parvenu" may be turned to some profitable account. "It does not want names at the bottom of it, but heads at the bottom of it," said M. Thiers in relation to some declaration of revolutionary principle in 1830. He is experiencing the same imperious necessity from a different cause in negotiating the peace of 1871; and it is at least some tribute to his gallantry to say that he shrinks as little now as then.

Still, say what you will in his favour, never was any forlorn sufferer content to find shelter under a more diminutive fragment of rock in a weary land, than France under the statesmanship of M. Thiers,—a man with no political faith, hope, or charity,—with no principle to steer by but the look-out, no national ideal before him but peace at any price, no international sympathies to alleviate the wreck of all national hopes. He has lived his whole life on the hand-to-mouth principle both as *littérateur* and statesman. He got up his knowledge as a writer just where and when it was wanted for the making of his books. He took his policy as a politician from the quick impressions of the moment. He never had a real belief in Republic, Empire, House of Bourbon, or House of Orleans; and he has none now. He never had a real belief as to any policy of peace or war, free trade or protection, education or no-education, except that whatever promised the most immediate return of popularity was best. He may be the statesman for the exigency of the moment,—to turn the difficult corner where the path of France skirts the precipice; but if France is to have a future, and grow into a firmer texture of self-restraint and resolve, her first necessity, after the exigency of the moment is satisfied, will be to put at the head of affairs some statesman of deeper faith and character, of steadier purpose and of less twinkling intelligence than M. Thiers.

From *The Spectator*.
THE BALLOT.

MR. FORSTER has made the Ballot Bill as good as a Ballot Bill can be, which, in our judgment, is not saying much. The idea at the bottom of the Ballot system is bad. It is founded on a notion that an

elector in a free State ought not to be enabled by the law to resist intimidation, bribery, or solicitation, but to be assisted to evade them, ought to be screened by legislation from the possibly painful consequences of doing his duty properly. We do not think he ought. It is quite true that he ought to be free, and no law intended to protect his freedom could possibly be too severe — for example, a law punishing intimidation or bribery as subordination of perjury would be just, would be effectual, and would affix the fitting legal stigma to the offence — but a law which secures freedom from oppression at the price of freedom from the educating influences of opinion and responsibility is, however it may work, a brutally clumsy and rude device, fitter for people just emancipated from slavery and at heart afraid of the whip, than for a people who rule their own land and expect one day to be cultivated enough to rule it well. Still the question has been fairly fought out for many years, the electors have made up their minds that they prefer the protection of secrecy to the protection of the law, it is childish to make the electorate Sovereign and expect it never to have its own way, and it only remains to provide that the new system shall secure all the good results which it is capable of yielding. It can yield some, and under the operation of this Bill it probably will yield them. We take it that the theory of a moderate and reasonable supporter of the Ballot would be something like this. The good effect of guidance and of the pressure of opinion on voters is very great; but in a country like this, where property has so undue an influence, where towns are so numerous and contain such masses of half-educated voters, and where, from the dreadful depth of the chasm between the ignorant and the cultured, popular instinct, so often right, tends so often to be ashamed of itself, the good effect of control is less than the evil effect of restriction. The people must be allowed to choose representatives according to their instinct as well as their reason, to choose as they please without reference to anything but their own judgments. Any mixed system of freedom and restraint will be worse than any system either of restraint or freedom. In the former case, the people will display more judgment; in the latter, greater force of will. Well, the Bill carries out that theory in its logical completeness. The secrecy is made absolute, uni-

versal, and complete — needlessly complete, it may be — and every disqualification for candidature, social, pecuniary, or, we were going to say, personal, is swept away. Any British subject not luckless enough to be a Peer, a clergyman, or a pauper in receipt of relief, can offer himself as a candidate for the House of Commons, and may be accepted by the electors. The last religious disabilities disappeared in 1859, the last property qualifications followed them, and now the barrier of expense is to be finally removed. The necessary expenses of election to Parliament, like those of election to any other office, are thrown on the constituencies, and it is possible for any one with a coat, if his fellow-citizens choose, to help to govern England. That boon may prove one which will outweigh all the defects of the Ballot, for it enables the nation to choose among six millions, instead of among six thousand persons, and so widens at all events its chance of finding competent leaders, particularly of finding leaders with the energy, self-denial, and thoroughness of purpose which the possession of wealth tends so rapidly to destroy. Something may be got out of the Julian line, but there is nothing in Crassus but crassitude. As far as freedom of candidature is concerned, the law, should this Bill pass, could be improved only by allowing peers and priests to ask the suffrages of the people, for the objection as to poor candidates' want of means is, as regards the law, unreal. No law prevents the electors from paying their representative any annual allowances they may please, and they are by the Bill obliging themselves to pay his legal expenses. The freedom of voting is equally complete. The elector has only to be silent to escape intimidation, which, indeed, will lose all its effect, while the briber must be very rich or very confiding to pay a scoundrel to commit perjury, when he can get his money just as well by telling his corrupter a lie. The rowdy license of nomination-day is swept away; no passions are to be excited by a premature declaration of the poll, and as the hired rough cannot tell how an elector means to vote, the most timid may walk up to the booth without fear of molestation. Bad as the means are in theory, their result will be that elector and representatives are equally enfranchised. All the good that can be extracted from the ballot is extracted, and Mr. Forster deserves the highest credit for thoroughness and determination.



